

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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Only water needed



Travelling from Singapore to Europe, you may either take a plane if you are pressed for time, book a boat passage if waves don't scare you, or if you are the bold type, go by car. Mr. C. H. Pollock and his wife had courage, and a car. They were very bold even, figuring that they were pure innocents as to what makes an automobile go.

Mr. Pollock was a courageous man, but, just to be on the safe side, he stowed away a spare-part dealer's joy of accessories; however, he would have been at a loss to say which part would fit where. Then they set out for a trip full of adventure, passing the picturesque landscape of Malaya, beating their way through the damp jungles of Thailand, crossing the Burma plateau, traversing India, making their way through Pakistan and Afghanistan, and finally arriving in Germany after a long trip through Persia, the land of oil and fairy-tales. It had been a beautiful journey, though strenuous and dangerous at times. For miles and miles they went on roads that hardly deserved the

name; and Mr. Pollock didn't feel exactly elated at the idea of camping in the desert, sitting in a broken-down car. Nothing of the sort happened, and the Pollocks safely arrived in Germany after a trip of 18,000 miles. Their first idea was to have a few days of relaxation and to pay tribute to their faithful car by giving it a wonderful overhaul. After checking and rechecking the Mercedes-Benz 180 D (Diesel) and a thorough going-over from top to bottom, a mechanic in his matter-of-fact way said: "All your car needs is a good wash."

Now, Mr. Pollock is looking for somebody to buy a trunkful of some very important spare parts...

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REMOTE CONTROLLED doors shut off the "fierce heat" of a modern open-hearth steel furnace. It's really a model (full size) and forms the central part of the new Science Museum gallery designed by Willy Rotter, F.S.I.A., one of Britain's most celebrated industrial artists.

Britain's Steel men show how it's done

Lord Mills opens new Science Museum display of Britain's up-to-the-minute ways of making steel

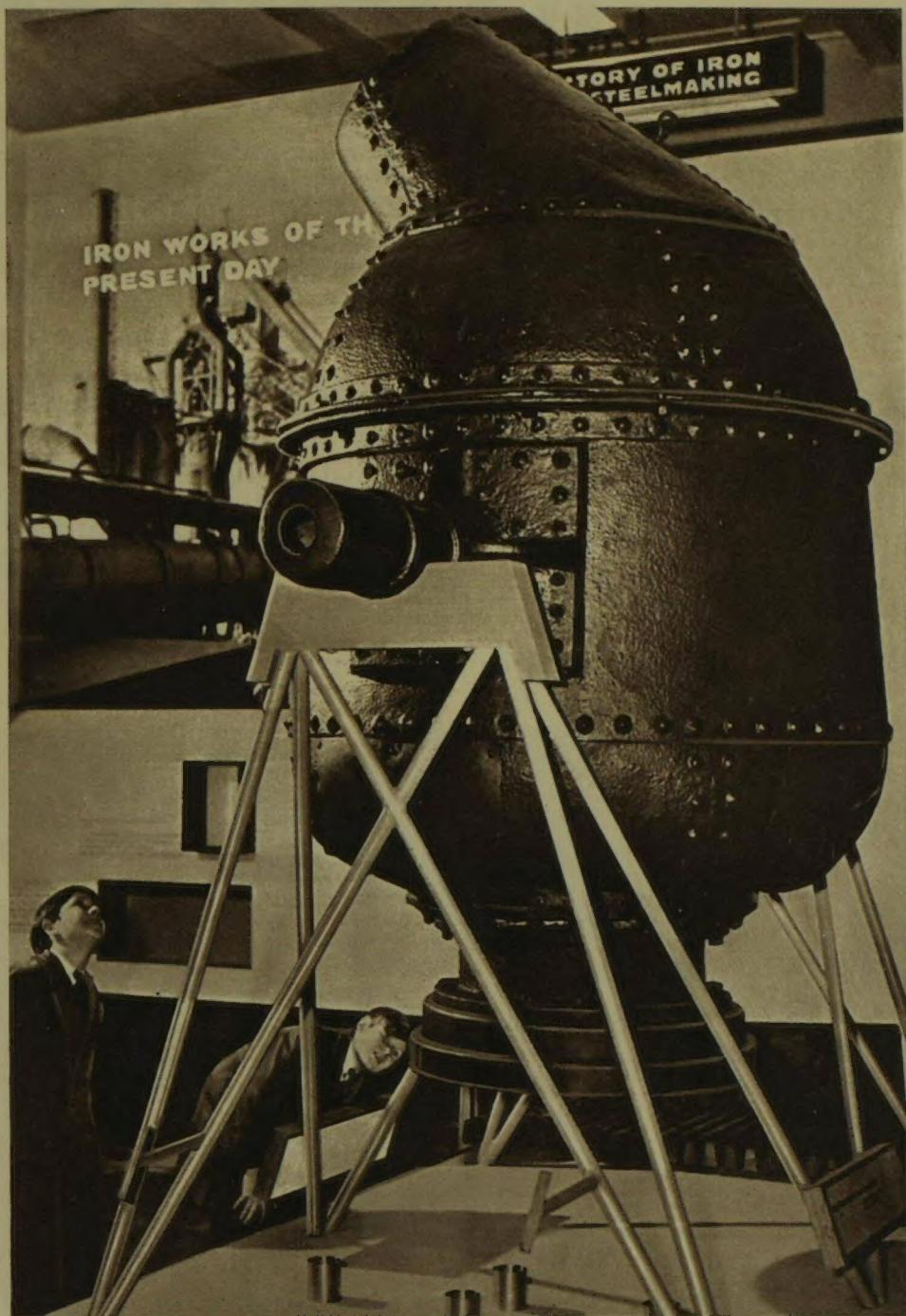
Now on show at the Science Museum, London, is a striking new gallery opened last Friday by Minister of Power Lord Mills. In co-operation with the Science Museum, the Steel Industry is presenting the most up-to-date display about iron and steel in the world — with the emphasis on the modern methods used today by Britain's steel makers.

Melting steel without flame
Here you can see the whole fascinating process, from the iron ore dug from the ground, to the finished tough, resilient steel. You can see one of Bessemer's original "converters" which transformed steel from a rarity into a plentiful everyday material — and how a modern integrated steelworks is run. You can see a piece of steel actually melted before your eyes by

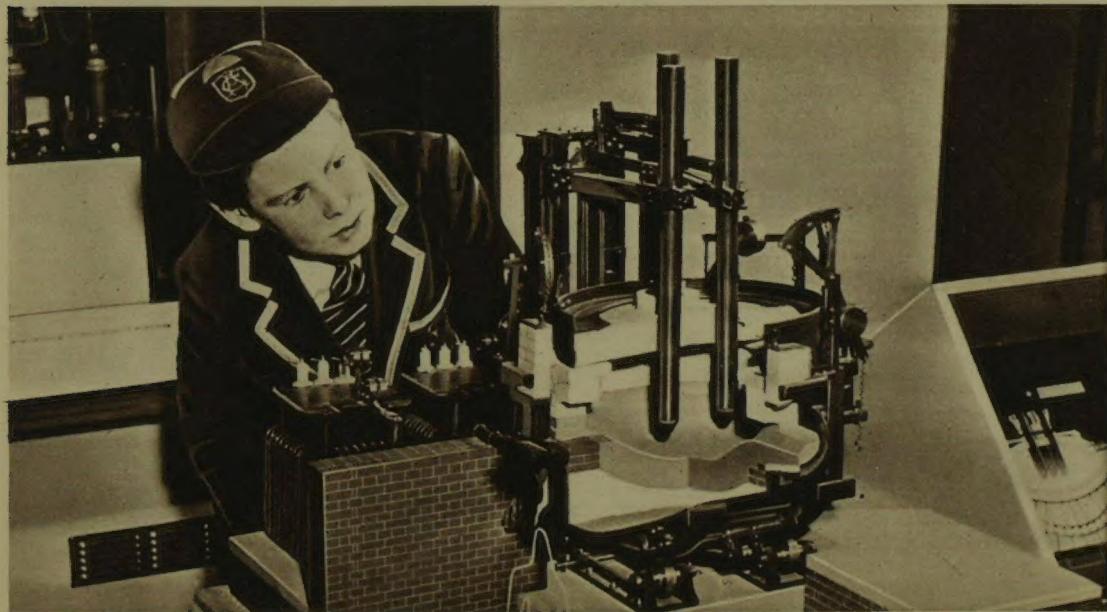
induction heating — without any flame. You can see the ingenious scientific methods by which steel is tested and improved.

The story of steel is one in which British inventors and British pioneers have led the world. Britain has played the leading role in giving the world this metal, on which civilisation depends.

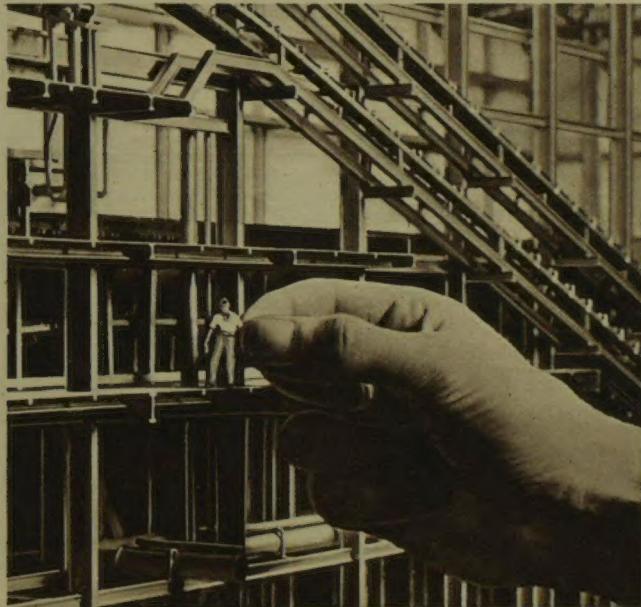
The British Iron and Steel Federation.



FIRST-EVER method for mass production of steel was patented by Sir Henry Bessemer in 1856. This is one of his original "converters". Since then Britain has been in the forefront in the modern manufacture of steel.



ELECTRIC ARC FURNACE model shows how some special steels are made. Behind it, there is an apparatus in which you can watch steel being melted without flame, by high frequency current.



WORKING MODEL of a modern "sinter" plant — used to process iron ores — is another of the marvellously detailed models. All have full explanations.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1959.



AT ONE OF ANCIENT INDIA'S MOST FAMOUS BEAUTY SPOTS : THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ENTERING THE AJANTA CAVES.

On January 28 Bombay gave the Duke a most enthusiastic welcome when he arrived by air after a brief call at Ahmedabad. On January 29 he drove out to Trombay to see the Indian atomic energy establishment and the dairy colony at Aarey. In the afternoon on January 30, he left by air for Aurangabad, where he visited the famous Ajanta and Ellora caves,

and saw the extraordinary 2000-year-old frescoes and rock carvings, which are among the world's wonders. Returning by air to Bombay, he attended a reception given by the British Deputy High Commissioner, Mr. Eric Norris, where he met some 800 leading British residents. On January 31 he arrived in Madras. Other pictures of the tour appear on page 247.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WAR is a terrible excess and waste of human energy and spirit. It takes toll of the flower of a nation's youth and early manhood, for under any system of recruitment, though especially, of course, under a voluntary one like ours in the First World War, the noblest and most self-sacrificing members of their generation inevitably pick themselves for the activities most likely to result in death. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," but what the country gains in security from its foes it loses and probably more than loses in a deterioration in residual character and breeding stock. The national proportion of "spivs" and "shirkers" is inevitably higher after a war than before; those who "dodge the column" invariably survive while so many of those who do not, perish and leave no heirs. Nor can the personal unhappiness and misery caused by war be even measured; it is illimitable and incalculable. As for the destruction of material wealth and accumulated national treasure this grows potentially greater with every year of scientific advance, for, if science enables man to multiply goods more quickly, it enables him by new weapons of offence to destroy them even more quickly. We have now reached the stage when, by nuclear explosion, it is possible to lay waste and destitute of life whole cities and countrysides and even the entire earth. It is scarcely to be wondered at that to many civilised persons, especially in this country with its long tradition of gentleness and humanity, the thought or very mention of war has become a kind of phobia, rather as, on a more domestic scale, sexual irregularity became to the late Victorians. It has become unthinkable."

Yet war happens and, despite its increasingly suicidal consequences, seems only too likely to continue to happen until either human nature, with its greed, jealousy, suspicion, fear and downright malice, has substantially changed or the peoples of the world have cast aside competitive nationalism and accepted a universal system of government which, at the moment, they seem even further from doing than they did twenty years ago. And, though the debit side against war is so overwhelming, by a strange paradox the virtues and disciplines which war enforces on nations can have creative as well as destructive consequences. One has only to think back to the years 1939-45, with their sense of purpose, self-sacrifice and dedicated national unity, to realise how powerful such "enabling" influences can be. By "blood, sweat, toil and tears" we were able as a people to achieve results in the course of a few years which, in peacetime, would have been not only impossible but inconceivable. Consider the weakness of this country in June 1940; the odds which it faced; the apparent impossibility of the goal of total victory it, under Churchill, set itself. Yet within three years the transformation had been achieved; the Battle of

the Atlantic won; complete ascendancy in the air, not only over England but over Germany and Italy, attained; the Mediterranean reopened; and the great victories of Matapan, Alamein, Mareth and Tunis inscribed on the roll of national history. And within another year the whole of southern and central Italy, including its capital, were to be in the hands of Britain and her allies, and the great adventure of D-Day triumphantly behind us. Almost certain defeat had been turned, by a prodigious and united exercise of national will, into certain victory. The self-indulgence, frivolity, selfish aims and confused purposes of peacetime had been succeeded by a resolution and dedicated patriotism unmatched, save in the

destruction of their socialist polity and economy, had successfully harnessed atomic energy to a weapon of war and possessed the means of destroying and, if necessary, enslaving them. Their answer—one natural to their Communist creed—was to preserve in peace the purpose, discipline and sense of common dedication to a great end that had saved them in war and given them victory. Monstrous despotism, abominable cruelty and a harsh rigidity and malevolence towards the Powers of the Western World with whom they had been allied against Germany, accompanied this continued mobilisation of the Russian people in peace. Yet the dividends it is now beginning to pay are plain for all the world to see, and Russia's present greatness and power rest on the sacrifices and united purpose of her brave, industrious people during fourteen hard but creative years of peacetime endeavour. If only we in Britain and America could have shown, under our free systems, the same unity and purpose in peace as we showed in war, how infinitely safer would be the peace of the world—which we both have so much at heart—and the future liberties of mankind!

"Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting. Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." There, in those three poignant sentences, is the history of all great nations that have disregarded the eternal law of nature and history and have failed to evoke from their rulers and people the virtues that alone make individuals and nations great. The highways packed with private cars jostling with one another and endangering life for competitive speed as an end in

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION AND QUOTATION FROM
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF FEBRUARY 12, 1859.



"THE INAUGURATION OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE—ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY AT THE COLLEGE."

A hundred years ago Wellington College was inaugurated amid scenes of dignified ceremonial. The report of the opening, in our issue of February 12, 1859, began: "On Saturday, the 29th ult., the formal inauguration of the Wellington College, at Sandhurst, took place—her Majesty, the Prince Consort, Prince Arthur, and the Princess Alice being present on the occasion. This institution, it may be remembered, arose out of the general desire which was evinced on the part of the nation to raise some worthy testimonial to the memory of the late Duke of Wellington." In our issue next week we shall be publishing illustrations of this great public school, as part of our series on the Education of British Youth.

years 1914-18, since the days of the first Elizabeth. God had matched us with His hour and, as a united people, we had met the challenge and conquered ourselves. And by conquering ourselves, we had conquered our enemies; that in a nutshell, for Britons, is the history of the late war.

It was the history of the war for the Russians, too. Their ordeal was greater than ours, for, unlike ours, their country was invaded and much of it, including its richest territories, laid waste, while the casualties sustained by their armies exceeded, in proportion to their vast population, even ours in the First World War. They, too, recalling their nakedness in the hour of initial defeat in 1941 and even in 1942, must by the spring of 1945, when their forces were battering at the gates of Berlin, have been astounded by the realisation of what they had accomplished. Yet their losses being so much greater than ours, the reckoning which they were left to pay after the Germans had been expelled from their devastated soil was one to break the spirit of any nation, even the bravest. And at that moment they were met by the staggering fact that the United States, whom the suspicious tyrants who ruled over them believed, though falsely, to be plotting the

itself; the gangs of idle and undisciplined youths with their dirty hair and flick knives; the childish, exhibitionist antics and craving for cheap publicity of the *jeunesse dorée* of the metropolis; the shameless snobbery, petty malice and ignoble standards of so much of the popular Press; the puerility and indecency of much public entertainment; the untaxed speculation of capitalist "smart Alecs" and the crushing taxation of all who work hard and constructively; the jealous and restrictive practices of certain of our great trade unions; the denigration of patriotism, self-sacrifice and every generous ideal by many intellectuals, teachers and publicists, are all symptoms—unimportant though they may be in isolation—of Western democracy's failure to preserve in peace the national purpose and dedication to a great purpose that gave us victory in war. The nations beyond the Iron Curtain—for all their denial of freedom and ruthless, inhuman subordination of means to end—are facing us with a challenge, the greatest, it may well prove, in our entire history. And unless we respond to it in time, it is one which may find us as powerless in the hour of testing as Belshazzar and the feasting Chaldeans found themselves against the Medes and Persians.



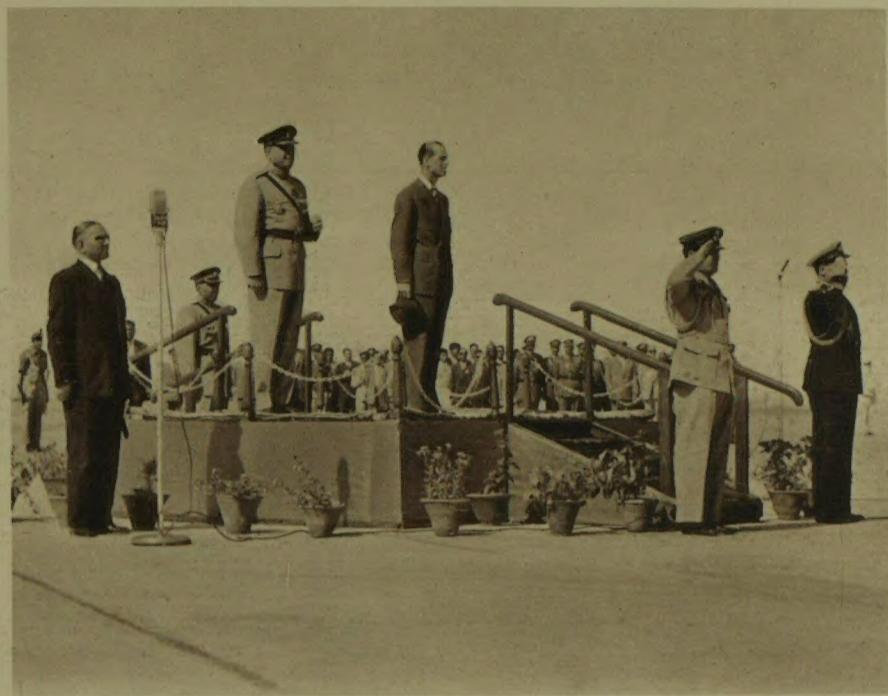
THE CROWDED BALCONIES OF KARACHI AIRPORT BUILDINGS, AS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVED ON FEBRUARY 5 FOR HIS VISIT TO WEST PAKISTAN.

THE Duke of Edinburgh had a most enthusiastic welcome at Madras, which he reached by air on January 31, and was so profusely garlanded that he jovially protested that he "could not see out." He was entertained to a State Banquet by the Governor, Shri Bishnuram Medhi, and on the following morning visited the Pallava rock reliefs at Mahabalipuram, before flying to Bangalore for the Golden Jubilee celebrations of the Indian Institute of Science. On February 2 he arrived by air at Calcutta, where about 500,000 people lined the streets to cheer him. On February 3, his last day in India, he visited Durgapur, where a steel plant is being built by British companies, and Jamshedpur, where he saw India's biggest iron and steel works. On February 4 he left India for a one-day visit to East Pakistan, where he saw Dacca University and the huge Adamjee jute mills. On February 5 he flew to West Pakistan, the aircraft making a détour so that Prince Philip could look down on Everest, and then landed at Karachi for his fortnight's visit to Pakistan.

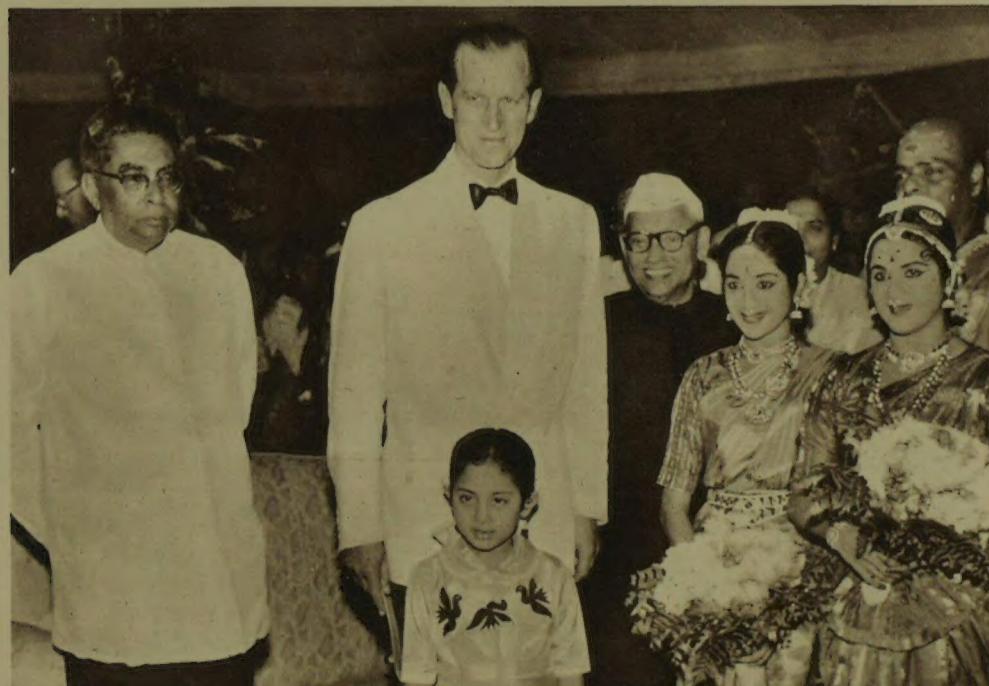
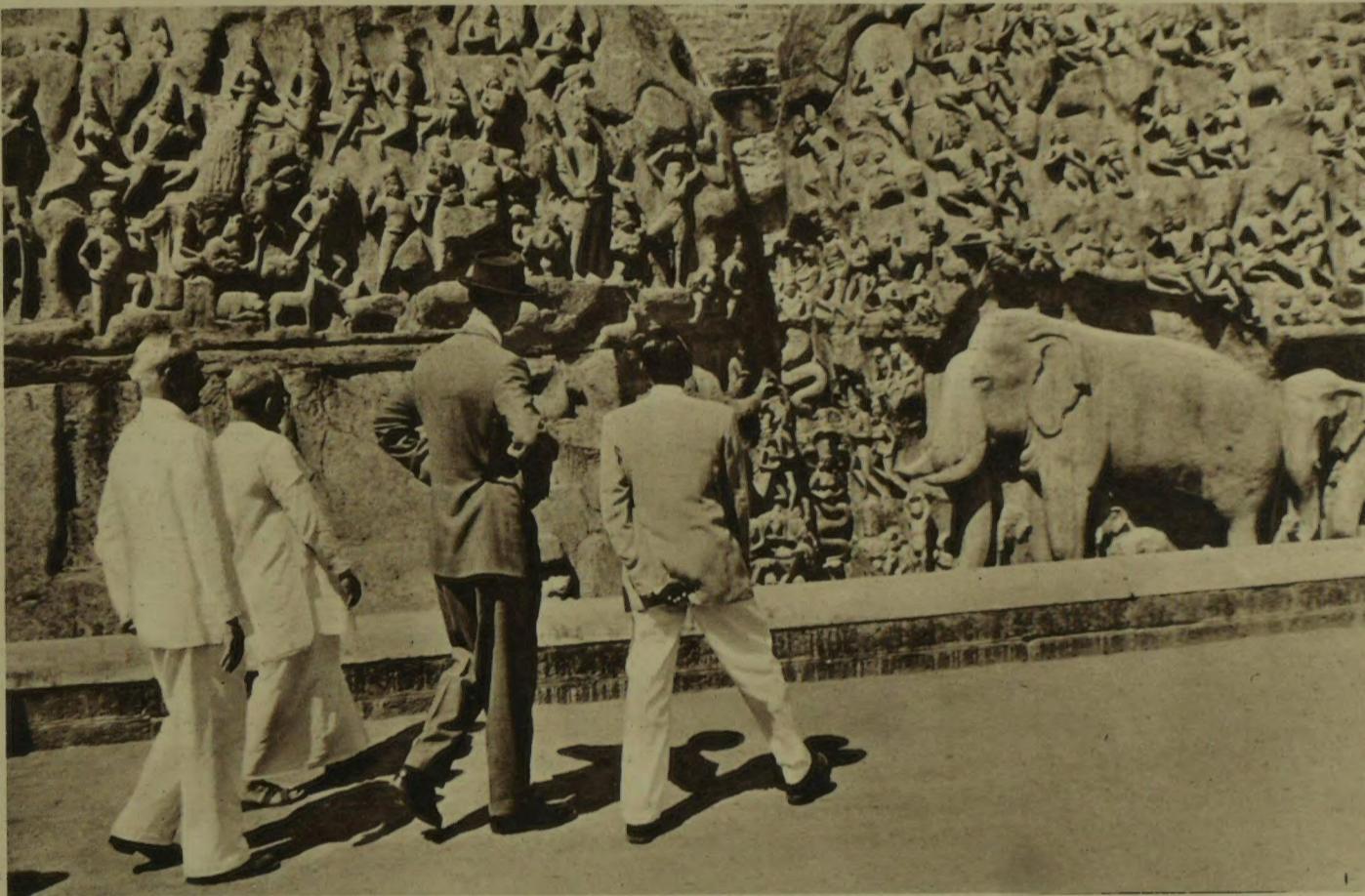
(Right.)

DURING HIS VISIT TO MADRAS: PRINCE PHILIP WALKING BESIDE THE HUGE BAS-RELIEF AT MAHABALIPURAM, WHICH PORTRAYS "THE PENANCE OF ARJUNA."

IN INDIA AND PAKISTAN: SOME ASPECTS OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S TOUR.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE PRESIDENT OF PAKISTAN, GENERAL AYUB, STANDING AT ATTENTION DURING THE PLAYING OF THE BRITISH AND PAKISTAN NATIONAL ANTHEMS.



AT THE STATE BANQUET, MADRAS: PRINCE PHILIP BETWEEN (LEFT) DR. RAJAMANNAR, CHIEF JUSTICE, AND SHRI BISHNURAM MEDHI, THE GOVERNOR.

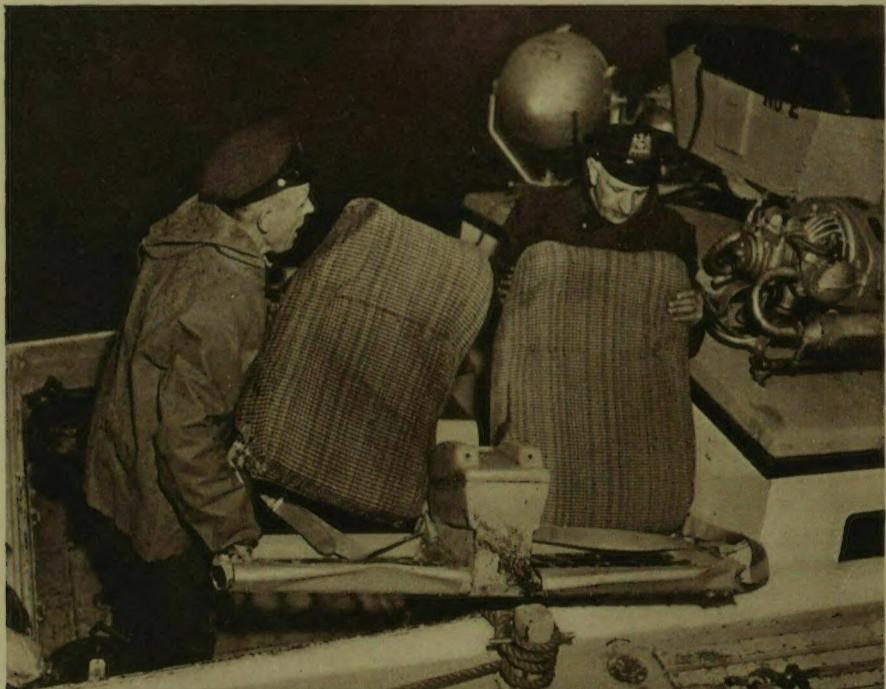


ON HIS ARRIVAL AT MADRAS AIRPORT ON JANUARY 31, THE GARLANDED DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS GREETED BY THE CHIEF JUSTICE, DR. P. V. RAJAMANNAR.

AN AMERICAN AIR DISASTER: THE TURBO-PROP
ELECTRA, WHICH CRASHED NEAR NEW YORK.



PART OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE AMERICAN TURBO-PROP AIRLINER BEING HAULED OUT OF THE RIVER NEAR LA GUARDIA AIRPORT ON FEBRUARY 4.

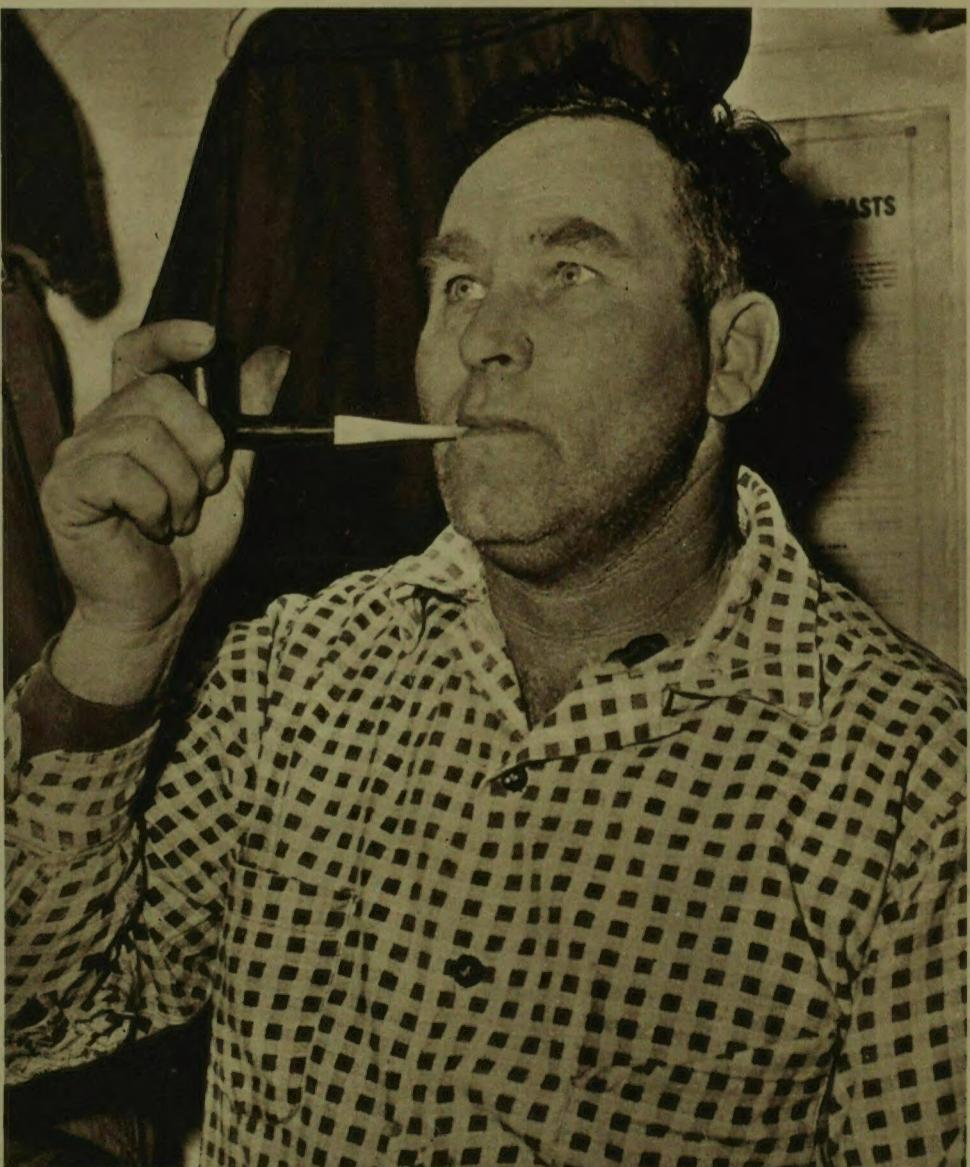


POLICE EMERGENCY WORKERS LIFT A BUCKLED SEAT SECTION ASHORE. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT THE CRASH WAS DUE TO ANY MECHANICAL DEFECT.

JUST before midnight on February 3 the first of the newly-delivered turbo-prop airliners, the Lockheed *Electra*, crashed into the East River near New York, just before it was due to make an instrument landing at La Guardia Airport. Only eight of the seventy-three people on board survived. The aircraft, planned as a rival to the British-designed *Viscount* and *Vanguard*, was the first of a fleet which airlines had ordered. It is understood that the crash was not due to any traceable mechanical fault in the aircraft's structure, but was more likely to have been caused by the combination of fog, rain and reflecting lights which gave the pilot a false impression of height. At the controls at the time was Captain Dewitt, who had been flying with American Airlines for thirty years. A tugboat skipper, Mr. Everett Phelps, who was towing two barges nearby, heard the crash and immediately cut the barges loose and hurried in the direction of the sound. Through his prompt action eight survivors were picked up from the water. These included three members of the crew and an eight-year-old boy. (A photograph of the *Electra* is shown on page 253.)



AMONG THE EIGHT SURVIVORS OF THE SEVENTY-THREE PEOPLE ON BOARD THE AMERICAN AIR-LINES' ELECTRA WAS EIGHT-YEAR-OLD ROBERT SULLIVAN, WHOSE MOTHER DIED IN THE CRASH.



MR. EVERETT PHELPS, A TUGBOAT SKIPPER WHOSE PROMPT ACTION IN CUTTING LOOSE TWO BARGES HE WAS TOWING SAVED EIGHT PEOPLE FROM THE RIVER.



DARTMOOR PRISON, THE REBUILDING OF WHICH IS OUTLINED IN THE RECENT WHITE PAPER ON PENAL REFORM.

The complete reconstruction of Dartmoor Prison, which is nearing the end of its serviceable life, is among the projects included in the White Paper on changes in the penal system which was published on February 2. The White Paper mentions the overcrowding which exists in prisons, where in some cases it is necessary for three men to sleep in a single cell. Referring to local prisons, the White Paper says "they are in themselves quite unfitted to modern conceptions of penal treatment, built as they were 100 years or more ago to serve the purposes of solitary confinement, treadmill hard labour

and brutal repression. They stand as a monumental denial of the principles to which we are committed." The White Paper includes two programmes—a present and a future (the latter including the rebuilding of Dartmoor)—for the building of prisons and various centres for the treatment of criminals. Even with the completion of these programmes, the problem of overcrowding will probably not be finally solved. The increase in crime since 1939 has been greatest among men aged 16 to 21, and the White Paper is specially concerned with new corrective ways of dealing with young offenders.

Photograph by Aerofilms Ltd.

MR. MACMILLAN'S decision to accept the invitation to visit Russia has fulfilled expectations and is obviously correct. In some quarters where the situation was misread, whether wilfully or not, impatience was expressed at the brief delay between the receipt of the invitation and the announcement that it had been accepted. The slightest reflection makes clear the reason. In the first place, the other two principal Powers in N.A.T.O., the United States and France, had to be consulted. It had to be explained to them what course the British Prime Minister would follow. They naturally realised that he would not be going and could in no circumstances have gone as an international spokesman, but they would need to be assured that his visit should not give an impression of this character. This was particularly the case with regard to France, owing to her Government's very close links with Bonn.

The direct relationship between the visit and the views of Dr. Adenauer also had to be taken into account. The Government of the Federal Republic had already shown itself highly sensitive about the views of its allies on the future of Germany. A few words spoken by Mr. Dulles, innocent enough though they seemed to readers here, to the effect that the reunification of Germany might conceivably come about by means other than free elections, aroused criticism and anxiety in the West German Press, which certainly reflected in this the opinion of the Government. These are only what appear to me to be the main considerations to be reviewed.

Mr. Macmillan, then, does not go as a negotiator—but he does go, we may assume, as an inquirer. For a statesman in such a rôle personal contact is useful, and he himself has often shown that he appreciates this method. There are many questions calling for speedy answers, since the period within which the Soviet Government has pledged itself to take action about Berlin is a short one. Though not a spokesman, he may be able to obtain greater precision on the terms for German unity than is yet available. At the same time, he can, without committing his country's allies, express his own opinion about how various courses of action on the part of Soviet Russia would be received.

The visit is likely, however, to be in part social, as was that paid by Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev to England. They saw a good deal of the country, and it is to be hoped that the British Prime Minister will be given similar opportunities in Russia. At the moment there is much to show and which can be shown with pride. Were one in cynical mood, one might comment that there was one sight which would formerly have been considered important but which would not be on view on this occasion, that of Mr. Bulganin himself. On one point there can be certainty: that Mr. Macmillan will make it clear with all the force of his strong personality how deeply he is pledged to the preservation of peace.

It must be confessed that one feature of the background to this question is unhappy and threatening. Never can four road-trucks have assumed such international importance as those

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PRIME MINISTER'S ENTERPRISE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

held up on the boundary of East Germany. I do not desire to give undue emphasis to the danger of this incident, but I cannot avoid thinking that it is significant. I have dealt in the past with the history of the route into Berlin through East German territory, a history more creditable to the West's faith in humanity than to its skill in assessing the intentions of the Russians. Briefly, the occupying Powers obtained no charter and did not even seek one; though they have reasonably contended that agreement on their participation

matters, the East German authorities are likely to be even more intransigent if the Russians hand over frontier matters entirely to them and allied garrisons are maintained in Berlin. This being so, one must ask whether the holding up of the American trucks was intended as a demonstration of what was to be expected in the future. Sur-

render to the demands that the vehicles should be searched would be an indication to the East German authorities of how easy it would be to make the situation completely intolerable to the garrisons and to the administrative authorities charged with their supply. If I am correct in my interpretation of this affair, it is not as trifling as it seems at first sight; it may indeed be called sinister.

Those of us who have since the war striven to look forward through the cloud veiling the political future have made many mistakes and often failed in their predictions. We can fairly claim, however, that we have consistently realised that the problem of Germany would prove the most exacting in international relations. It is little nearer to solution than when it first took shape some thirteen years ago. There is small reason to expect that if the Labour Party were in office it would find the answer more readily than the present Government, though Mr. Bevan suggests that it would be easier than the Treasury Bench asserts. Some opinion, not entirely on the Opposition side, expresses impatience with the attitude of the Government of the Federal Republic and especially that of the Chancellor, but he is still a force not to be disregarded and a representative leader of his country's majority view.

Some of the arguments now being aired are put forward without qualification when in fact they bristle with provisos. For example, we are told that difficulties with Russia would disappear, peace would be better assured, and the West would not suffer, if Germany were reunited under a system of neutralisation. Perhaps so; perhaps not. The question remains how such a change could be brought about now that a German Army has become a reality and insisted upon in opposition to the majority of West Germany. I am not expressing myself in favour of the policy and indeed have never advocated it, but my object now is to



TO VISIT RUSSIA FOR A WEEK OR TEN DAYS WITH THE FOREIGN MINISTER: MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, ON HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TO MAKE THIS ANNOUNCEMENT ON FEBRUARY 5.

On February 2 Mr. Roshchin, the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, called on Mr. Selwyn Lloyd at his own request and it was believed that this visit was connected with the possibility of a visit by Mr. Macmillan to Moscow. On February 5 in the Commons the Prime Minister announced that he, accompanied by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, would be going to the Soviet Union on February 21 for a visit of a week or ten days. He stressed that he was not going to conduct a negotiation but that his visit would be in the nature of a reconnaissance. "Nevertheless," he said, "we hope that our conversations with the Soviet leaders will give them a better

knowledge of our point of view and make it easier for us to understand what is in their minds."

in the occupation of Berlin presumed a right of way to enter and leave the city.

Apart from the notorious Berlin blockade, there have been a number of minor vexatious incidents, but none of late except in November last. It is not always remembered how great is the distance from Berlin to the border at Helmstedt, about a hundred miles as the crow flies and farther by road. These American trucks passed the control-point coming out of Berlin and were then held up at Marienborn, a stone's throw from Helmstedt. The drivers refused to allow their vehicles to be searched—and thenceforth they were stuck. They would have been permitted to return to Berlin, but were naturally instructed not to do so.

I understand the Western impression to be that, though the Russians have been notoriously difficult to deal with on this as well as many other

suggest that from the military point of view it might involve a strategic disaster for the West, the wrecking of the not unsatisfactory measures of defence so painfully achieved by N.A.T.O.

The future of Berlin will be the most prominent subject in the mind of the Prime Minister when he visits Russia. Yet, closely linked with that subject, will be the future of Germany as a whole. The lesser and the greater cannot be separated. As I have said, he can in general seek only clarification—and provide it on his side. Such an exchange, however, may prove extremely valuable. The Marienborn incident has come as a reminder of how difficult the task of reconciling the conceptions of the two sides is likely to be. The Prime Minister can by his visit do no more than obtain a better understanding of the prospects of fulfilling this task, but it is right and proper that he should take the opportunity of doing so.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



ZURICH, SWITZERLAND. CORDIALITY AT TURKISH-GREEK CONFERENCE. MR. KARAMANLIS (RIGHT) AND M. MENDERES.

The first meeting of the Turkish-Greek conference on the Cyprus problem took place on February 6. On February 8 it appeared as if some agreement were neared on a quasi-federal form of government for an independent Republic of Cyprus.



WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. BOTH FACES OF THE HUBBARD GOLD MEDAL OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY PRESENTED BY PRESIDENT EISENHOWER TO SIR VIVIAN FUCHS, AS REPORTED ON PAGE 269.



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN. YET ANOTHER ELIZA DOOLITTLE: MISS ULLA SALLERT, THE WELL-KNOWN OPERETTA SINGER, REHEARSING FOR THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE SWEDISH VERSION OF "MY FAIR LADY," WHICH WAS TO OPEN BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN ON FEBRUARY 14.



KNOSOS, CRETE. ARCHBISHOP EUGENIOS, METROPOLITAN OF CRETE, VISITING THE BRITISH EXCAVATIONS WHICH HAVE REVEALED A BYZANTINE BISHOP'S TOMB. This Byzantine site was discovered during the preparations for building a sanatorium and the Ephor of Antiquities asked Mr. Sinclair Hood and Mr. R. C. Moore to excavate it, and this excavation was continued by Dr. W. H. C. Frend. Among the discoveries was the tomb



KNOSOS, CRETE. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SEVENTH-CENTURY BYZANTINE CHURCH, WITH SOME OF THE MOSAICS, WHICH ARE ALL GEOMETRIC IN DESIGN. of a headless bishop, either, it is presumed, a martyr or one whose head was preserved separately as a relic. The excavations were visited by the Metropolitan of Crete, Archbishop Eugenios, who showed great interest in the discoveries.



SAN REMO, ITALY. THE JERSEY FLOAT IN THE SAN REMO BATTLE OF FLOWERS ON FEBRUARY 1. THIS IS BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST BRITISH ENTRANT IN THIS FESTIVAL AND IS IN RETURN FOR SAN REMO'S ENTRY AT JERSEY LAST YEAR.



CUBA. DR. FIDEL CASTRO (CENTRE), THE CUBAN LEADER, AT SIERRA DEL CRISTAL, DISCUSSING WITH RICE FARMERS SOME OF HIS PROPOSED LAND REFORMS. On January 31 Dr. Castro called for an end to the Cuban boycott on British goods and was obviously trying to improve Anglo-Cuban relations. He also called on the Shell refinery strikers to end their strike.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



THE HUGE IVORY TUSK FROM WHICH THE CRUCIFIX (RIGHT) WAS CARVED FOR THE CHAPEL OF THE MONASTERY DEDICATED TO THE LADY OF MONTSERRAT, BARCELONA.



BARCELONA, SPAIN. A DETAIL OF THE CRUCIFIX MADE FROM THE IVORY TUSK (LEFT) PURCHASED IN LONDON. IT HAS BEEN CARVED BY J. VILADOMAT. When the Marquess de Monsolis, living in Barcelona, heard of an exceptionally large ivory tusk in the possession of a London dealer, she decided to purchase it and have it carved into a crucifix for the Monastery dedicated to the Lady of Montserrat, at Barcelona. The result is the remarkable piece of sculpture shown above.



BARCELONA, SPAIN. THE IVORY CRUCIFIX WHICH IS NOW IN THE CHAPEL OF THE MONASTERY DEDICATED TO THE LADY OF MONTSERRAT.



NASSAU, BAHAMAS. AMERICAN-OWNED RHUBARB WINNING THE 184-MILE MIAMI-NASSAU RACE RECENTLY WITH A CORRECTED TIME OF 25 HRS. 51 MIN. 58 SEC.



U.S.A. A NEW TARGET AIRCRAFT TESTED: A U.S.A.F. XQ-2C FIREBEE, MANUFACTURED BY THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL CO. AND DESCRIBED AS HAVING A MAXIMUM SPEED "IN THE HIGH SUBSONIC RANGE," BEFORE A RECENT FLIGHT.



U.S.A. AN UNCOMPLETED BATTLESHIP TO BE SCRAPPED: THE KENTUCKY, CONSTRUCTION OF WHICH BEGAN IN 1942 AND ENDED IN 1945, BEING TOWED UP CHESAPEAKE BAY TO BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, FOR SCRAPPING.



AUSTRIA. DOING AWAY WITH "PAGING": A GUEST IN A PROGRESSIVE VIENNESE HOTEL RECEIVING A SMALL PORTABLE RADIO SET WHICH ENABLES HIM TO RECEIVE TELEPHONE MESSAGES IN ANY PART OF THE HOTEL.



SWITZERLAND. A VERTOL HELICOPTER, WHICH CAN LAND ON BOTH WATER AND LAND, DESCENDING AT A SWISS AIRPORT. CARRYING TWENTY PASSENGERS, IT IS INTENDED FOR TOURIST TRAFFIC BETWEEN LUGANO, CAMPIONE AND MILAN. AT LUGANO AND CAMPIONE THE HELICOPTER WILL ALIGHT ON THE WATER AND PASSENGERS WILL BE ABLE TO GO STRAIGHT TO THEIR HOTELS ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



VERONA, ITALY. HOW TO HITCH-HIKE BY HELICOPTER WITH THE U.S. ARMY: TWO ITALIAN FLIERS WHOSE AIRCRAFT CONTRACTED ENGINE TROUBLE ARE GIVEN A LIFT. Flying near the mountains in Northern Italy, two Italians had engine trouble with their two-seater aircraft. Fortunately for them, a U.S. Army helicopter secured the crippled machine beneath it, and flew it to Villafranca Airport at a speed of 45 m.p.h., while a second helicopter flew alongside the larger H-34 to inform the pilot of the behaviour of its load. The process of fixing the aircraft under the helicopter took approximately one hour.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. CLAIMED TO BE THE FASTEST JET AIRLINER YET BUILT: THE CONVAIR 880, WHICH HAS A TOP SPEED OF ABOUT 635 M.P.H. IT HAS A RANGE OF OVER 3000 MILES. Seen in flight over the U.S. Naval Air Station at North Island, California, the Convair 880 jet airliner is now undergoing test flights. It is powered by four Electric CJ-805 jet engines, and cruises at 615 m.p.h. It can carry up to 109 passengers. Nearly 100 aircraft are on order.



(Right.) PARIS. PRESIDENT DE GAULLE PRESIDING OVER THE FIRST MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE FRENCH COMMUNITY, ATTENDED BY ELEVEN AFRICAN REPRESENTATIVES. At the Elysée Palace on February 3, President de Gaulle sat among the Prime Ministers of the French Community, including eleven from African territories and one from Madagascar. Among those in this picture are M. Denize (Ivory Coast), on de Gaulle's left, and M. M'Ba (Gaboon), on his right. Others include M. Tsiranana (Madagascar), M. Apithy (Dahomey), and M. Lisette (Tchad).



NORTH NORWAY. ICE FOR THE AFRICAN JUNGLE: IT IS BOUND FOR DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER'S HOSPITAL AT LAMBARENE, OVER 6000 MILES AWAY, WRAPPED IN GLASS WOOL. Sending polar ice to tropical Africa is not as crazy as it sounds. In North Norway twelve hunks of ice are being lifted from a glacier, frozen together, and then wrapped in glass wool for transport south. The scheme will test the glass wool as the ice passes to hot climates.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. THIRTEEN OF THE NEW PROP-JETS, THE LOCKHEED 188A ELECTRA SEEN ON THE FLIGHT LINE READY FOR DELIVERY TO AMERICAN AIRLINES. The new American airliner, the Lockheed 188A Electra, has at last provided the U.S.A. with a rival to English-designed aircraft of this kind. It is claimed to have a greater range, speed and passenger capacity than the English Viscount. On February 4 one crashed, killing 65.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



OHIO, U.S.A. PLENTY OF ADVICE—AND NONE OF IT VALID DURING RECENT FLOODS IN COLUMBUS—AT THIS ROAD CROSSING, WHERE THE "DON'T WALK" SIGN CONTINUED TO FLASH ON AND OFF WITH A CASABIANCA-LIKE DEVOTION TO DUTY ALL THE TIME THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS BEING TAKEN.



BAVARIA, WEST GERMANY. THE NEW TELEVISION TOWER, ON THE OCHENSKOPF, IN NORTH-EAST BAVARIA, NOW IN OPERATION.



COLOMBO, CEYLON. A PARTING PRESENT FOR PRESIDENT TITO (LEFT CENTRE): A BABY ELEPHANT, THE GIFT OF MR. BANDARANAIKE, THE PREMIER.

After his five-day visit to Ceylon, which began on January 21, President Tito sailed across the Indian Ocean in his yacht *Galeb*, landing at Massawa, in Eritrea, on February 2, for a 12-day visit to Ethiopia.



THE NORTH SEA. HALF A SHIP EN ROUTE FOR ROTTERDAM: THE AFTER PART OF THE SWISS MERCHANT SHIP *NYON* ON TOW FROM BERWICKSHIRE.

As reported in previous issues, the Swiss merchant ship *Nyon* (9500 tons) went aground off St. Abb's Head, Berwickshire, in November last. The fore part was a total loss, but the after part was cut away and is to be fitted with a new fore part.



HELMSTEDT, GERMANY. RELEASED AFTER A HOLD-UP BY THE RUSSIANS OF MORE THAN 50 HOURS: A U.S. CONVOY PASSING THE CHECK-POINT ON FEBRUARY 4.

On February 2 a convoy of four U.S. lorries taking a load of jeeps from Berlin was held up by the Russians at the Marienborn check-point near Helmstedt. The demand for a search was refused and the convoy was eventually released unsearched.



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW. A LIGHTER MOMENT DURING THE 21ST COMMUNIST PARTY CONGRESS: MR. MIKOYAN (CENTRE) IN GOOD HUMOUR, AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV (RIGHT). An interesting feature of the Congress was the confession of guilt (in the "anti-party plot") by two prominent Communists, Mr. Pervukhin, who is still Soviet Ambassador to East Germany, and Mr. Saburov, formerly a Deputy Prime Minister and now a factory manager.



CAIRO, EGYPT. PRESIDENT NASSER ADDRESSING A HUGE CROWD AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE "AFRO-ASIAN" YOUTH CONFERENCE. The "Afro-Asian" Youth Conference opened at Cairo on February 2 and was attended, it is stated, by 500 delegates from fifty-two countries. The Russians sent a large delegation headed by Mr. Murtazaev, who was the only white man on the platform.

THE AMERICAN UNDERWORLD.

"THE D.A.'S MAN." By HAROLD R. DANFORTH AND JAMES D. HORAN.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

IF there were any lingering doubts anywhere as to the degree of criminality existing in the United States in general, and in New York in particular, they would be resolved by a perusal of this book. Outside Scotland Yard the name of Mr. Danforth is unknown in this country, but his claim to speak as an authority on American crime is attested by the fact that for the best part of twenty years he was Senior Investigator for the New York District Attorney's Office, and that at a time when there was a vigorous campaign in progress to suppress the great vice rackets. As

and it was there that he acquired the experience of New York's underworld on which this book is based.

As the English reader peruses this narrative, comparable only with the *Newgate Calendar* and which it would require the brush of a Hogarth adequately to illustrate, he is likely to be struck by two things: one is the extent to which politics were associated with vice, and the other is the part which sex played in American crime at that time. Whether this is still the case the author does not reveal, but when he was connected with the District Attorney's Office he frequently alludes to the attempts of politicians to obstruct the course of justice, while rape, particularly of young girls in the most revolting circumstances, seems to have been his preoccupation.

It is difficult to believe that an official in London in the same position would be concerned with the first of these problems at all, or with the second to anything like the same extent.

There are some interesting observations about Harlem which might be applicable one day to the districts in English cities where there is a large coloured population, for Mr. Danforth significantly remarks in connection with crime in Harlem, "Few politicians like to attack the prob-

lem because of the major vote factor; they don't like to be accused of being anti-Negro." Fortunately the vast majority of coloured people in England are law-abiding, but if this ever ceased to be the case a number of Harlems might easily come into existence: so far, "Hollywood stars, musicians and big businessmen" have not visited North Kensington "to buy sex and thrills." The author blames the miserable housing conditions where "you have the same beds used by two or three people during a twenty-four-hour day, or several families using one hall toilet . . . where rats scurry over the bodies of sleeping men, women and children."

A good deal of the vice and crime which is here described could be paralleled in kind, if not in degree, in most of the world's great cities, but the corruption of sport on a big scale is surely a peculiarly American phenomenon. We are told that it is "a symbol of the way moral standards crumbled after World War II, and greed took the place of conscience"; nor does the responsibility rest wholly with the young men who were corrupted, "for the tensions of American home life, our hurry-up-and-make-a-dollar philosophy and our glory-hungry American college alumni must share the blame." A single example, taken from the world of boxing, will serve to show the way in which such rackets were worked:

We also discovered that managers had a fine spy system established in various gyms throughout the city which reported daily on certain fighters. If a fighter kept himself in top-notch condition, he was stalled in attempts to get a match until he let himself get out of condition. Then when the spotter reported he had lapsed in his training he was offered a match. The outcome of the bout was pre-determined. The weaker, out-of-condition fighter was pummeled unmercifully. A serious aspect of this side of the racket was the manager's total disregard of the possible brain or eye injuries which might have resulted from such mismatching.

To pass from the general to the particular: there are some extremely interesting sketches of those who took up a good deal of the author's time. One of them was Dutch Schultz, who acquired a notoriety far beyond the confines of the United States. Actually his name was Arthur Flegenheimer, and he was the son of a saloon-keeper and livery-stable owner in Bronx. He was very far from Hollywood's idea of a gangster, for "he always looked like a small businessman ready to announce his bankruptcy." He had come to the fore in the days of Prohibition, and his wealth was legendary. One of his accomplices said that he had seen Schultz put nothing but thousand-dollar notes into an iron chest which he had had specially made for him, and that once the gangster had been forced to kneel on the lid to close it. He was one of the most cold-blooded scoundrels of Mr. Danforth's collection, and human life meant even less to him than to any of his underworld contemporaries. It was said of him, "You can insult Arthur's girl, even steal her from him, spit in his face, push him around, and he'd laugh it off, but don't steal even a dollar that belongs to him. You're dead if you do." Schultz attained a notoriety almost equal to that of Al Capone, but in the end he was shot by a confederate in a men's lavatory in Newark, New Jersey.

Then there was the so-called Colonel Halquire, "one of the most evil yet fascinating criminals I have ever hunted." He was a member of one of the oldest families in the country, for his ancestors had settled in New Amsterdam in 1637, and he was a confidence trickster of such ability that he came within an ace of taking in no less a person than J. P. Morgan himself. For twenty-four years the bogus Colonel led an astonishingly



PEACEFUL INTEGRATION OF RACES AT NORVIEW HIGH SCHOOL, IN NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, U.S.A., WHERE A CROWD OF PHOTOGRAPHERS AND NEWSPAPERmen STOOD AT THE DOOR OF THE SCHOOL AS THE NEGRO STUDENTS ARRIVED ON FEBRUARY 2. A BOYCOTT HAD BEEN ENCOURAGED BY THE VIRGINIA GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

may in consequence be imagined, this volume of his memoirs, with an introduction by his friend, Mr. James D. Horan, is not for those with queasy stomachs, while the sentimental is likely to receive some pretty severe shocks.

Mr. Danforth has a good deal to say about juvenile delinquency. The so-called "Teddy Boys" of London appear mild in comparison with the thugs of whom we read in these pages, but the author is in agreement with many authorities over here in holding the view that these young hooligans "should have had some sense of values pounded into them by their fathers' strong right arms." On the other hand, the two houses of correction—namely, the House of Refuge and the New York Parental School for Truants, on the staff of which Mr. Danforth served—were calculated less to produce reformed characters than to turn out potential gallows-birds.

I found some of the guards brutal, illiterate and almost totally corruptible. They sold everything from food to cigars. One guard—by rumor, I couldn't get the proof—had a still and was selling alcohol to the boys.

The brutality was incredible. I once saw a guard club a young boy, scarcely more than a child, into unconsciousness. He stopped when I told him I'd use the club on him. Some guards used stern, but proper disciplinary measures, but on the whole it was the law of the club and the boot.

The boys themselves were mostly from the tenement areas in New York, and the vast majority from broken homes, but there were others who had known happier domestic circumstances. Of these the author remarks, "They obviously needed treatment, but they never got it. . . . They did get an excellent course in vice and crime. When they left there wasn't anything about vice they didn't know." Mr. Danforth perforce took his departure from the second of these establishments in 1935. "You raised a row and kicked yourself out of a job?" queried an elderly gentleman in his lodgings; to which the author replied, "As we say in New England, sir, you are as right as rain." Shortly afterwards, however, he was appointed to the District Attorney's Office,



IN AN INTEGRATED CLASS-ROOM, ONE OF THE NEGRO STUDENTS ASSIGNED TO NORVIEW HIGH SCHOOL IS SEEN SITTING WITH WHITE PUPILS. THE GOVERNMENT OF VIRGINIA HAS BEEN TRYING TO CIRCUMVENT THE SUPREME COURT RULING FOR NEARLY FIVE YEARS, BUT IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT THE STATE GOVERNOR WILL NOT FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF GOVERNOR FAUBUS OF ARKANSAS, AND OPENLY DEFY THE SUPREME COURT.

successful life of crime, and continued to evade the clutches of the law; then in 1946 he suddenly vanished, and has never been heard of again. His dossier in New York alone is more than a foot high and weighs 25 lb.

Mr. Danforth resigned from the Bureau of Investigation in 1951, apparently satisfied that his work was done. One wonders, to use an Americanism, to what extent that work has "stayed put."

*"The D.A.'s Man." By Harold R. Danforth and James D. Horan. (Gollancz; 21s.)

THE FIERCE PATHANS
OF THE N.-W. FRONTIER.



FROM THE KURRAM VALLEY, IN THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE OF PAKISTAN: A PATHAN BOY.



ARMED AND SELF-RELIANT: A PATHAN BOY OF A NOMAD SECTION OF THE MOHMANDS, WEST OF KABUL.

TRIBAL TYPES THAT THE DUKE WILL SEE.



FROM A KURRAM VILLAGE NEAR THE AFGHAN-PAKISTAN BORDER: A PATHAN BOY OF THE TURI TRIBE.



MOVING DOWN WITH HIS NOMAD TRIBE FROM AFGHANISTAN TO PAKISTAN IN THE AUTUMN: A POWINDAH BOY.



WITH REDDISH HAIR AND GREEN EYES: A POWINDAH BOY. MANY TRIBESMEN HAVE EUROPEAN-TYPE FEATURES.



A MAHSUD BOY IN SOUTHERN WAZIRISTAN, A TRIBAL AREA IN THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE.



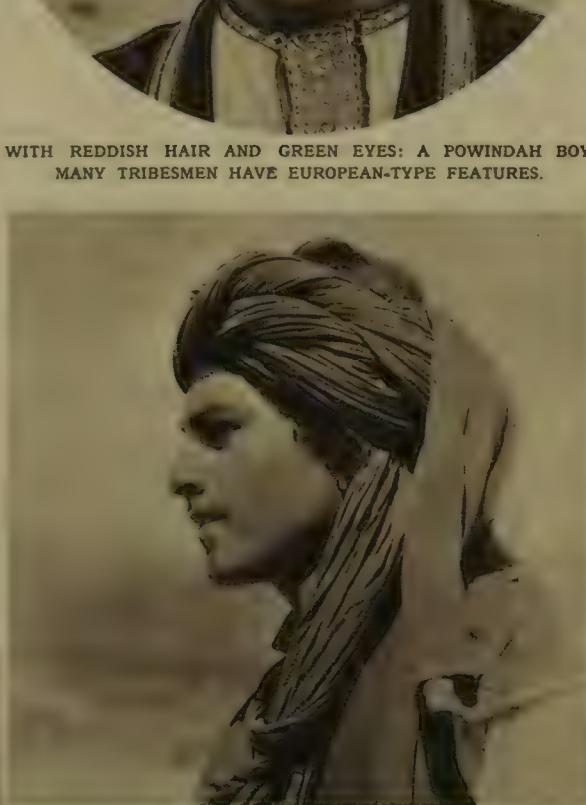
AT THE END OF HIS AUTUMN MOVE TO PAKISTAN: A POWINDAH NOMAD IN THE KURRAM VALLEY.



MIGRATING SEASONALLY TO AND FROM AFGHANISTAN: A POWINDAH TRIBESMAN OF THE SULAIMAN KHEL.



IN THEIR AFGHANISTAN SUMMER HABITAT: YOUNG KUCHIS, OR NOMADS OF THE ALA-AL-DIN KHEL.



A YOUNG WAZIR, REVEALING THE EUROPEAN-TYPE FEATURES FREQUENTLY FOUND IN THE HILL TRIBES.

THE North-West Frontier of what is now Pakistan and Afghanistan was once a battleground between British troops and fierce, part-nomadic Pathan tribesmen. Innumerable stories have been written about these conflicts. In fact, the Pathans were and still are one of the toughest peoples in the world, who know every inch of the country over which they move. The Duke of Edinburgh is now visiting this rugged area, and on February 14 is due to meet some fifty Pathan tribal chiefs at Jamrud, at the foot of the Khyber Pass. Also in this region recently has been Sir Mortimer Wheeler, whose illustrated article on the excavations at Charsada, near Peshawar, appeared in our issue of February 7.



ONE OF A FIERCE NON-MIGRATORY TRIBE: A WAZIR OF THE TRIBAL AREAS OF PAKISTAN.

AMONG THE WORLD'S MOST SKILFUL WARRIORS: THE PATHAN TRIBESMEN.



FULLY EQUIPPED FOR RAIDING: A WAZIR WARRIOR FROM THE TRIBAL TERRITORY OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE OF PAKISTAN.



A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE FINEST FIGHTING TRIBES IN THE WORLD: AN ELDERLY MAHSUD WARRIOR FROM SOUTHERN WAZIRISTAN.



SUSPICIOUS AND ALERT BECAUSE HE IS OUTSIDE HIS OWN TERRITORY: A MAHSUD BOY IN THE BLACK TURBAN COMMONLY WORN BY HIS TRIBE.

The British Army in India before the partition was well acquainted with the fighting qualities of the Mahsuds and Wazirs. These two tribes have long produced men who are among the finest fighters in the world, and Englishmen who have been in action against them will remember their skill with admiration. The Mahsuds



A WAZIR MALIK NEAR RAZMAK IN WAZIRISTAN: THE MALIKS ARE THE TRIBAL CHIEFS OF THESE WARLIKE BANDS OF PATHANS.

and Wazirs are both non-migratory tribes who inhabit villages in the tribal territory of the North-West Frontier Province of Pakistan. The nomadic types of Pathans, also shown in these two pages, are known as Powindahs or Kuchis. They seasonally move their possessions by camel to and from Pakistan and Afghanistan.



I CAN well imagine how well-nigh impossible it must be for the Trustees of any institution, great or small, to refuse a bequest which, while part of it merely adds to the enormous accumulation already in their charge, contains also other objects which are first-class things of their kind and are welcome additions of a sort not already adequately represented. Yet one is justified in expressing two hopes: first, that no one else will follow the example of the late R. W. Lloyd and leave his collection of fifty or so water-colour drawings by J. M. W. Turner (Figs. 1 & 2) to the British Museum, there to join the ten (or is it twelve?) thousand others left to the nation by the artist himself; secondly, that if anyone does, the Trustees will find a means of refusing that part of the bequest without invalidating the donor's wishes about the remainder of his collection which, in this case, is in every way remarkable.

It consists of an extraordinary series of Swiss eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prints, about 2000 of them, which is said to be as complete as any similar collection in the world; a beautiful collection of Japanese swords and sword furniture by the most renowned makers of the past; and, at a guess, about fifty pieces of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Chinese carved red lacquer, many of them of the finest quality, though liable to be tedious when examined *en masse*. I was about to say that here in London we are already pampered by having all these thousands of Turner drawings within easy reach; in practice they are nearly as efficiently buried as if they were walled up in the depths of a pyramid. Anyone, with sufficient time at his disposal, can go to the Print Room and examine each and every one of them; yet I venture to assert that no one has done that since the year 1909, when A. J. Finberg published the complete inventory in two volumes.

Thus did the astonishing Turner, by his gift to his country, build almost literally a mausoleum in which his works, by their very multitude, would have to remain unseen. How much more intelligent, and in the long run how much more enlightened, had he left a hundred or so to the nation, and allowed the remaining thousands to be scattered throughout the world! Mr. Lloyd's will, to make sure that the water-colours would not be faded by exposure to light, laid down that they were not to be exhibited except for a fortnight at the beginning of February in each year, and went so far in its details as to order that they were to be kept in mahogany boxes for the remaining fifty weeks; as if the Museum could not be trusted to conserve its possessions without these niggling instructions!

The Trustees have swallowed the insult blandly enough and the public are the gainers, for the Lloyd series—some of which were illustrated in our issue of January 31—has provided those of us who were able to see them on the walls between February 4 and 14, with some unforgettable moments, watching the Turner of the 1790's,

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

when he was one of several young men including Girtin who worked assiduously at Dr. Monro's house, developing during the following four decades into the marvellous colourist of the late 1830's and '40's. True enough, all this could have been studied time and time again during the past century among the drawings already in the Museum; but there is this new series, carefully built up over many years and as fine as anyone could possibly wish, and arranged in such a manner that analysis is simple. I merely reiterate that the British Museum is not the place for it—what was wrong with Cambridge or Birmingham

pattern-makers, experimenters with colours and shapes and what have you, fail so lamentably—in embarking upon their visions without having first submitted to the atrocious grinding discipline in drawing which was so willingly undertaken by this very odd young man. As to the extraordinary standard he had reached by his middle years, this snowdrift scene of 1829, when he was fifty-four (Fig. 1), is surely a remarkable achievement even for him—with the distortions of the faces seen in the red glow of the fire and the marvellous treatment of cloud, snow and the night's majesty—and points the way to later colour harmonies both in Switzerland and Venice.

As to the Swiss coloured prints, about forty out of the 2000 are in the exhibition, nicely balanced between straight reporting and a certain romantic splendour; the latter quality particularly noticeable in the work of F. N. König (1765-1832), the former in that of J. L. Aberli (1723-1786), who was responsible for the earliest of the landscapes and costume studies. There is a certain clumsy naïveté about the prints of Gottfried Locher (1730-1795), particularly in the substantial charms of his "Three Graces," which is very engaging, while Sigmund Freudenberger (1745-1801) devoted himself to agreeably sentimental interiors rather in the manner of the minor Paris painters of his generation. I suppose one could say that he follows Greuze many kilometres in the rear.

But presumably the early mountaineering prints will be of most interest to the average visitor. While the main excitement is overwhelmingly Turner, there are other drawings which, in any other company, would be outstanding—I note only a Cotman or two, a De Wint, a Girtin, a William Henry Hunt, a Samuel Palmer and—somehow a little surprisingly amid so English a company—a Daumier.

One is so dazzled by Turner whenever one is lucky enough to see anything by him that I found it difficult to drag myself away from one end of the gallery at Agnew's eighty-sixth annual Water-colour Exhibition, where half a dozen glowlike jewels, and, inevitably, because of both quality and rarity, are almost as far out of the reach of most of us as are those preserved in Bloomsbury. By the time these words appear, a second edition will have been hung, with only about a third of the original selection on view. Two or three things remain joyfully in the memory. A view of the Severn at Worcester by Thomas Rowlandson which would

be a minor marvel had I not just seen a Turner of the same city. Several delicate portraits by J. Downman, the women insipid, the men full of character, notably portraits of Lord Barham and a General Campbell. Several minor De Wints and one superb example of this unpretentious painter's understanding of atmosphere in wide open spaces. Interesting studies of Russian scenes by A. G. Vickers and some solidly-drawn but slightly empty views from many parts of the world by Paul Hogarth.

The sale of gifts in aid of Winchester Cathedral on April 21 and 22, organised by Christie's, will take place at the Guildhall, Winchester, and not at Christie's as stated in our issue of January 31. The George IV casket is a gift of the Duchess of Kent, and not of the Queen Mother.



FIG. 1. THE SNOWDRIFT SCENE BY J. M. W. TURNER: A WATER-COLOUR WHICH IS PART OF THE R. W. LLOYD COLLECTION IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM; DESCRIBED BY FRANK DAVIS ON THIS PAGE. (Size, 21½ by 29½ ins.)



FIG. 2. "AN ABBEY NEAR COBLENZ," ANOTHER OF THE TURNER WATER-COLOURS RECENTLY ON PUBLIC VIEW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (Size, 7½ by 12½ ins.)

The exhibition of paintings from the R. W. Lloyd Collection in the British Museum was illustrated in our issue of January 31. The exhibition of water-colours at Thos. Agnew and Sons, also mentioned by Frank Davis on this page, was illustrated in our issues of January 31 and February 7.

or Manchester or a dozen other cities whose shelves are not already bulging with boxes filled with Turner drawings?

I suppose it is next to impossible to define the boundary between a topographical drawing and art. One can, perhaps, to one's own satisfaction at least, label someone like Farington as no more than a topographical draughtsman; if very pernickety (and why not set your sights high?), you might just, but only just, include the Turner of the 1790's in this category, but—in going round these delicate marvels—you soon realise that the early drawings, for all their impeccable grammar and precision, are but the solid bases upon which the later fantasies were built. It is in this respect, it seems to me, that so many of our modern

LANDSCAPES TO BE SOLD IN LONDON.



"A WOODY LANE," BY J. B. C. COROT (1796-1875): A SMALL CHARACTERISTIC LANDSCAPE, ONE OF THE ITEMS TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON FEBRUARY 20. (Oil on canvas: 9 by 13½ ins.)



"HOMEWARD," BY ANTON MAUVE (1838-1888), A DUTCH ARTIST GREATLY INFLUENCED BY COROT, AND WHOSE LANDSCAPES USUALLY CONTAIN STUDIES OF ANIMALS. (Oil on canvas: 15½ by 28½ ins.)



"A RIVER SCENE NEAR DEAUVILLE," BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1825-1898): A LATE WORK BY THIS DELIGHTFUL FRENCH MASTER. IT IS SIGNED AND DATED 1895. (Oil on canvas: 20 by 29½ ins.)

THE most interesting paintings in the forthcoming sale at Christie's on February 20 are a number of excellent nineteenth-century French landscapes of the Barbizon and related Schools. With Impressionist pictures now fetching such fantastic prices, it is not surprising that more and more interest is being directed at these smaller masters whose works, if lacking in some of the brilliance of Impressionism, yet possess a freshness and a mellow beauty which reflect the artists' deep love of the Northern French countryside. Probably the best-known of these painters are Corot, Rousseau, Harpignies and Charles Daubigny who, together with a number of other artists, used to meet in a large barn near Barbizon, at the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, to discuss each other's works. A Dutch artist who did not belong to the Barbizon School, but who came much under the influence of it, was a younger painter, Anton Mauve (1838-1888), who became increasingly interested in soft, misty Dutch landscapes containing studies of animals. Also in the sale are several paintings by Eugène Boudin (1825-1898), another younger painter influenced by the Barbizon School, who is often considered a link between the Barbizon School and Impressionism. He excelled at scenes of water and at seascapes.

A POUSSIN EXHIBITION IN THE U.S.A.

PROBABLY the most important exhibition of the works of Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665) is now being held at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, U.S.A., until March 10. Interest in this great French classical painter has greatly revived during this century. An indication of this revival is the fact that of the paintings now on view at Minneapolis, only one, "Midas," was in the United States before 1900. Now seventeen have been lent from permanent collections in the U.S.A. and Canada. The three paintings illustrated here are among the finest in the exhibition. The splendidly vigorous "Venus Bringing Arms to Aeneas," from the Art Gallery of Toronto, dates from what is known as Poussin's first Roman period. Also on view is the magnificent "Mars and Venus."



"VENUS BRINGING ARMS TO AENEAS," BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665): FROM THE EXHIBITION AT MINNEAPOLIS; PAINTED 1635-1637. (Oil on canvas: 42 by 52½ ins.)

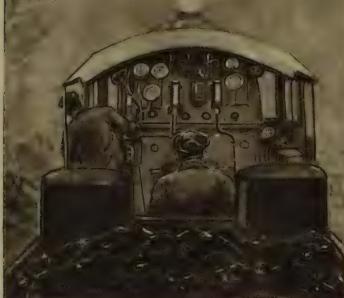


"MARS AND VENUS," BY NICOLAS POUSSIN, A RECENT ACQUISITION OF THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART; PAINTED 1627-1628. (Oil on canvas: 62 by 74½ ins.)



"DEATH OF GERMANICUS," BY NICOLAS POUSSIN, FROM THE EXHIBITION OPEN AT MINNEAPOLIS UNTIL MARCH 10. PAINTED IN 1627. (Oil on canvas: 58½ by 77½ ins.)

THE ENGINE DRIVERS' TASK IS MADE DIFFICULT EVEN WHEN VISIBILITY IS REDUCED ONLY TO 100 YARDS BY FOG. A COUPLE OF YARDING 20 M.P.H. TAKES ONLY ABOUT 4 SECONDS TO COVER THIS DISTANCE.



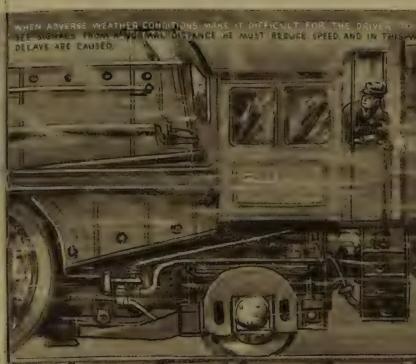
FOG, DROPS, RAIN OR SNOW FREQUENTLY OSCURE THE CAB WINDOWS. ON STEAM LOCOMOTIVES TWO WINDOW WIPERS ARE PROVIDED.



MODERN DIESEL AND ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES, HOWEVER HAVE EFFICIENT MECHANICAL WINDOW WIPERS.



WHEN ADVERSE WEATHER CONDITIONS MAKE IT DIFFICULT FOR THE DRIVER TO SEE SIGNALS FROM A DISTANCE HE MUST REDUCE SPEED AND IN THIS WAY DELAYS ARE CAUSED.



ON THE LONDON TO EDINBURGH LINE THERE IS A SYSTEM OF CO-ORDINATED SIGNALS.



HOW DELAYS ARE OCCASIONED
THE HEAVY TRAFFIC ON BRITISH RAILWAYS REQUIRES CAREFULLY PLANNED

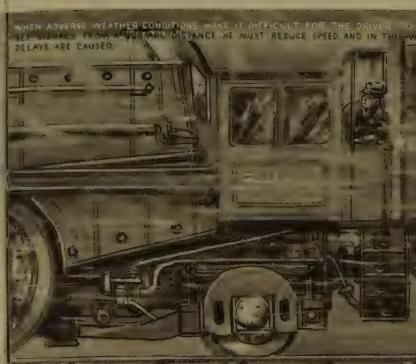
TIME TABLES.

TIME TABLES.

BY BAD VISIBILITY
TRAIN RUNNING TIMES, WHICH CAN BE QUICKLY UPSET BY BAD WEATHER

TIME TABLES.

TIME TABLES.



THE HEAVY TRAFFIC ON BRITISH RAILWAYS REQUIRES CAREFULLY PLANNED

TIME TABLES.

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BY BAD VISIBILITY
TRAIN RUNNING TIMES, WHICH CAN BE QUICKLY UPSET BY BAD WEATHER

TIME TABLES.

TIME TABLES.





AS I seem to remember having mentioned before, I can not grow rhododendrons. Not once during my gardening life have I been able to grow them.

It is not that I am not clever enough to grow the things, but merely that I am not so un clever as to attempt them in the soil of my Cotswold garden, which is stiff with oolitic limestone. For over ten years I have been gardening on this limestone, and for forty or so years before that I was on or over a chalk formation in Hertfordshire.



"THAT BEAUTIFUL HYBRID, RHODODENDRON PRÆCOX (R. CILIATUM X R. DAURICUM c. 1855), WHICH HAS BLUE-LILAC AZALEA-LIKE FLOWERS"—AND WHICH MR. ELLIOTT RECOMMENDS FOR POT CULTIVATION IN LIMY DISTRICTS. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

I admire rhododendrons enormously, and doubtless I would have become a rhododendron addict had I lived on the right kind of soil. As it is, however, I have become fond of the harder, tougher conditions which seem to go with non-rhododendron country, and then, if I wish, I can always go and visit the softer, sandier, peatier counties with their pines and birches, heathers, azaleas—and rhododendrons. It may be a case of sour grapes—or acid soil—but often, when going from limy Cotswold austerity to softer, peaty, heathy districts, I have a feeling that the latter conditions are perhaps just a little sissy.

I believe there do exist a few natural rhododendron species which came from the Far East, and which tolerate, or even flourish, on limy or calcareous formations, and there is, too, one European species which shares the same unusual appetite. This is *R. hirsutum*, known popularly in the Alps as "Alpenrose," and I rather think that its fellow Alpine rhododendron, *R. ferrugineum*, shares the same common name. *R. hirsutum* makes a low-spreading bush, 2 or 3 ft. high, and several feet across, with neat trusses of reddish flowers. There is an attractive white-flowered variety in cultivation, and also one with double flowers which does not appear to be in general cultivation; in fact, I have only seen it in two gardens.

A good many years ago I came upon a huge spreading bush of it in the garden at Glamis Castle, and was given cuttings of it, and the resulting specimen at my Six Hills Nursery lived most happily in the stiff loam there. A year or two ago I obtained cuttings from the Stevenage bush, and now have a sturdy youngster flourishing amid

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

RHODODENDRONS

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

the limestone of my Cotswold garden. All this back history persuades me that I really must obtain a specimen of the white-flowered *R. hirsutum*.

It would be interesting to see whether this "Alpenrose," *R. hirsutum*, would hybridise with any of the more showy Far Eastern rhododendron species, and give us a race, or races, of lime-tolerant hybrids—types with larger, more showy flowers, and perhaps more attractive colours. As things are, it is a distinct drawback being deprived of

into flower early each year; in a cold greenhouse. Eventually it seemed to need a rather larger pot, so I gave it a shift, with peat, sand and loam, and, by way of an encouraging treat, a dash of bone-meal. The effect of that bone-meal was terrible. Within a week or two the plant turned deathly yellow. Obviously it was the lime content in that bone-meal. Hastily I shook it out, and washed the root-ball in rain water. Too late. The harm was done. *Præcox* went into a rapid decline, and was dead within a few weeks.

A pot-grown specimen of *R. præcox* is a delightful and most valuable possession, and may be had in flower quite early in spring, when it is enchanting for bringing into the house, either the whole plant in its pot, or branches for putting in water. The plan is to keep the plant in the open air all summer and autumn, standing in a shady place, and then in midwinter or early spring it should be taken into the cold greenhouse—or a sunny window indoors—where it will open its flowers earlier than it would, or could, in the open garden, and in much greater perfection.

One can start with quite a small specimen—which could be obtained from any one of the many nurseries which specialise in rhododendrons, and nothing could be simpler to grow, or more welcome in the house in early spring, and I have found that a well-established pot specimen is uncommonly good value for supplying cut flowers for the house, and after cutting has taken place, the bush soon responds by pushing out quantities of young growth which will come on for cutting the following spring. It is a good plan, in this connection, to have two pot specimens of *R. præcox* for cutting in this way. It enables one to feel a little more free and lavish with the secateurs, and at that time of year that is a very great boon.



the multitude of glorious rhododendron species and hybrids which will not tolerate any taint of chalk or lime. Here, surely, is scope for valuable work for some enterprising grower, either amateur or nurseryman, to produce new races of lime-tolerant rhododendrons.

I learnt a sad lesson some years ago in this matter of the hatred of nearly all rhododendrons—and azaleas—for lime. I had a pot-grown specimen of that beautiful hybrid *R. præcox*, which has blue-lilac azalea-like flowers. This I used to bring

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THE ALPENROSE, RHODODENDRON FERRUGINEUM. THIS GROWS ON NON-LIME FORMATIONS IN SWITZERLAND, BUT ITS CLOSE RELATION, *R. HIRSUTUM*, WHICH IS VERY SIMILAR THOUGH MORE HAIRY AND LESS SCALY, GROWS ON THE LIMESTONE.

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

But alas, I feel that my dealings with rhododendrons are all very small and trivial, yet where chalk or limestone abound things can hardly be otherwise. And what rather rubs in this feeling of futility is the fact that I have been studying the first volume, just out, of a most sumptuous book "The Rhododendron," by Beryl Leslie Urquhart, and published by the Leslie Urquhart Press (65 5s.). It is illustrated with exquisite plant portraits in colour by Carlos Riefel, magnificently reproduced, and line drawings in the text by Susanne Kolasse. There is an interesting Collector's Commentary by the late Frank Kingdon Ward.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXIII.
THE TRAINING SHIP *MERCURY*.



BOYS FROM THE *MERCURY* OUT FOR A SAIL—WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, THEIR SHIP, THE FORMER H.M.S. PRESIDENT.



PART OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY ON PARADE IN THE SHORE ESTABLISHMENT. THE SHIP AND THE HAMBLE RIVER CAN BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

Just out of the main channel of the Hamble River, which a little lower down opens into Southampton Water, is moored the old H.M.S. *President*, formerly a composite sloop and now, with the shore establishment on the river bank, part of the naval school training ship *Mercury*. H.M.S. *President* was earlier named *Gannet*, a seven-gun vessel built at Sheerness in 1878, and was delivered to the school—as a result of the personal interest and intervention

of Sir Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty—in July 1914. The boys sleep on board in hammocks and do much of their practical seamanship in and from her, making the crossing between ship and shore in all weathers in a variety of craft. There is accommodation on three decks, the masts having been removed and put to use in the shore establishment, and a superstructure added.



THE TRAINING SHIP MERCURY:

(Left)
AN UNUSUAL SCHOOL DORMITORY SCENE: BOYS LIVING ON BOARD AND ABLE TO LEAVE THEIR HAMMOCKS EARLY IN THE MORNING ON BOARD THE SHIP.

(Right)
PEYTON OFFICER SGT. G. M. TAYLOR OF BIRMINGHAM, WINNER—AS BEST ALL-ROUND BOY OF THE YEAR—OF THE D. V. GREENE MEMORIAL TROPHY, RIGHT, WITH HIM IS THE CAPTAIN SUPERINTENDENT. THE TROPHY, COMMEMORATING PADDY GREENE'S UNIFORM, IS HANDED OVER A PROMISING CAREER AT THE SCHOOL, WAS PRESENTED BY HIS FATHER IN 1937.



BOYS MANNING THE SHIP'S SHROUDS. THE MAST IS ONE OF THOSE FROM H.M.S. PRESIDENT NOW ERECTED ASHORE FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.

AN EARLY-MORNING CHORE: BOYS WASHING DOWN THE DECKS OF THE SHIP SHORTLY AFTER LEAVING THEIR HAMMOCKS.

THE history of the training ship *Mercury* goes back to 1885, when it was founded by Mr. Charles Hoare. The establishment was at first centred on another ship, the *Ilovo*, which was moored off the Isle of Wight. Some 10 years later the founder moved the school to its present situation, and began the building of the shore establishment. Mr. Charles Hoare continued to supervise the school until his death in 1908, when he was succeeded by Mr. G. B. Purnival, a noted athlete and games player and a former Senior Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford. He received an honorary rank in the Royal Naval Reserve, and ran the school as Honorary Director in Charge until 1950, four years after his wife died. He was succeeded by Commander M. S. Brady, M.B.E., R.N., the present Captain Superintendent. The Director

[Continued opposite]



THE CAPTAIN SUPERINTENDENT READING THE LESSON IN THE CHAPEL, WHERE DAILY AND SUNDAY SERVICES ARE HELD.



BOYS STANDING SMARTLY TO ATTENTION DURING A PARADE. AN ALL-ROUND EDUCATION IS PROVIDED AS NAUTICAL TRAINING.

SCENES ASHORE AND AFLOAT.



(Left)
THE CAPTAIN SUPERINTENDENT OF *MERCURY*, COMMANDER MATTHEW BRADY, M.B.E., IS SHOWN MAKING THE SALUTE AT MORNING DIVISIONS. THE PRESIDENT OF *MERCURY* IS EARL MOUNTBATTEN.

(Right)
CHOIR PRACTICE IN THE THEATRE IN T.S. *MERCURY*. THE THEATRE WAS DESIGNED BY R. ROMANES WALKER AND IS CLOSELY SIMILAR TO THE THEATRE AT THE ROYAL LYCEUM AT BAYREUTH, ALTHOUGH ON A SMALLER SCALE. MUSIC PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN SCHOOL LIFE, AND BESESIDE THE CHOIR THERE IS A SCHOOL BAND.



BOYS STANDING BY THE FIGURE-HEAD OF H.M.S. GANNET, WHICH LATER BECAME H.M.S. PRESIDENT AND CAME TO THE SCHOOL IN 1914.



ANOTHER EARLY-MORNING TASK: PUMPING WATER FROM THE HAMBUR RIVER FOR WASHING DOWN THE DECKS.



SEAMANSHIP TRAINING IN WHALERS ON THE HAMBUR RIVER, ALSO A FAVOURITE PLACE FOR CIVILIAN YACHTSMEN.



LEARNING ABOUT ANCHORS AND CABLES, WITH THE AID OF A MODEL OF A SHIP'S BOWS. THE INSTRUCTOR, LEFT, IS MR. CONLON (R.N., RETD.).

THE TRAINING SHIP MERCURY: LEARNING SEAMANSHIP AND GUNNERY.



ON BOARD: A SCENE OF ACTIVITY DURING A GUNNERY LESSON, WHICH IS BEING CARRIED OUT WITH IMAGINARY SHELLS.



ONE OF THE SENIOR BOYS GIVING A LESSON ON BOAT DRILL, WHILE TWO OTHERS IN THE FOREGROUND STUDY NAVAL CHARTS.

The teaching of examination subjects is supplemented in the training school *Mercury* by instruction in current affairs, and musical activities also play an important part in the school life. There is a school band and a choir, and once a year one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas is usually performed. The ship, the nautical "centre of gravity" of the school, and formerly H.M.S. *President*, arrived in the Hamble from the West India Docks, London,



LEARNING TO STEER BY COMPASS: ANOTHER CLASS UNDER INSTRUCTION IN THE SHORE ESTABLISHMENT.

just before the outbreak of World War I. She had been a naval drill ship for eight years and before that was H.M.S. *Gannet*, whose figure-head is now in the school grounds. She had her active career during a peaceful period, but her moment of glory arrived when, after service in the Pacific, the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, she took part in the defence of Suakin, in the Red Sea, in 1888.

AT THE ROYAL FILM SHOW.

THE film chosen for this year's Royal Film Performance was "The Horse's Mouth," starring Alec Guinness and directed by Ronald Neame from an adaptation by Mr. Guinness himself from the late Joyce Cary's splendid novel of the artist's life with its triumphs and miseries. The show was a specially brilliant occasion, held at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, and attended by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. They were received by Lord Rank, President of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, and the presentations took seventeen minutes, much longer than is usual on such occasions. The Queen Mother wore a white gown, embroidered with sequins and diamanté under a white mink stole; while Princess Margaret was in light delphinium blue satin, embroidered with sequins and crystals.



M. MAURICE CHEVALIER BEING PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN MOTHER. BEYOND HIM, L. TO R., IAN CARMICHAEL, MAX BYGRAVES AND MISS LAUREN BACALL.



BOWING TO THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE ROYAL FILM SHOW : FRANKIE VAUGHAN. LEFT, MISS KAY WALSH; AND, RIGHT, TERRY-TOMAS AND MME. SIMONE SIGNORET.



PRINCESS MARGARET TALKING TO ALEC GUINNESS, THE STAR OF "THE HORSE'S MOUTH." BEYOND, MME. JULIETTE GRECO AND MISS PEGGY CUMMINS.

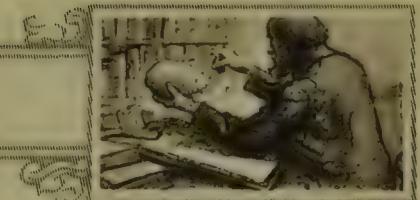
ROYAL AND CITY INNOVATIONS.



FLOODLIT AT HER MAJESTY'S SUGGESTION : THE ROYAL STANDARD FLYING OVER BUCKINGHAM PALACE—A SIGN THAT THE QUEEN IS IN RESIDENCE. In future, from February 3, the Royal Standard which flies over Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace, to show that her Majesty is in residence, is being floodlit from dusk to midnight, thus extending a practice already in being at Holyroodhouse.



THE FIRST SECTION OF ROUTE ELEVEN, THE CITY'S NEW ARTERIAL ROAD, DURING CONSTRUCTION NEAR COLEMAN STREET. THIS SECTION IS 600 YARDS LONG. The central section of Route Eleven—from Moorgate to Aldersgate—is already making progress. Under it the City Corporation are building a car park 400 yards long and the width of the carriageway. The route will eventually link Ludgate and Aldgate.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

A WRITER of the early nineteenth century dismissed the peacock with these words: ". . . I find nothing that is either pleasing or deserving of attention, except a beautiful plumage. Its voice is a loud and disgusting scream; and the damage it does to plants in our gardens is scarcely compensated by its elegant appearance there." It would seem that this writer was speaking for many others who followed him. The bird



THE EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS IS NOT CONFINED TO THE PEACOCK'S "TAIL" BUT EXTENDS MORE OR LESS THROUGHOUT THE PLUMAGE, AND NOT LEAST IN THE CREST.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

is given scant attention in most books of reference, and general works on ornithology seem to ignore it completely. At best, the books of reference tell us it is a native of India, that it feeds on seeds, fruits and insects, and that the male has a harem of four or five hens. And, of course, there is a reference to the tail, which is usually described in detail, mainly to draw attention to the fact that the "tail" is formed of the tail coverts.

These words are true of the West and of modern times. The history of the peacock, in different places and over different periods of time, shows a fluctuation in human regard for the bird. In parts of its native range it has been treated with veneration. The ancient Greeks, to whom Alexander the Great introduced it, made it sacred to Hera, the queen of the heavens, and it was associated with her Latin counterpart, Juno, as a regal bird. But in the first century B.C. roast peacock became fashionable at banquets and a symbol almost of extravagant feasts. The fashion spread west and continued into mediæval times, at least. Peacock's feathers, on the other hand, have at all times been prized for their beauty, and Olaus Magnus, in the seventeenth century, tells us that peacocks were reared in Scandinavia solely for their æsthetic value.

Amid these changing fortunes one thing has remained constant: the peacock as a symbol of vanity. Whose vanity it was supposed to epitomise, whether its own or that of the human beings who gazed upon it, is an open question. From the frequency with which "proud as a peacock" is applied to people who strut and give themselves airs, the likelihood is that we see reflected in the peacock's display some of our own frailties.

This is moderately unfair on this member of the game birds who, under the influence of gonadotrophic hormones, indulges in a stereotyped form of display when courting. It raises these magnificent plumes into a fan, lowers its head and slowly walks backwards. According to the mediæval naturalists, its feet were foul and wrinkled and

THE VANITY OF PEACOCKS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

this walking backwards was an attempt to put the feet out of sight since they contrasted so abominably with the magnificence of the bird's plumage. From time to time, during the display, the peacock rattles its plumes, as if to draw attention to itself, and it may have been this, more than the magnificence of the feathers or the bird's posturings, which earned it the reputation of being vain.

Whatever it may have been, it was anthropomorphism of the misleading type, which modern studies in bird-behaviour put into correct perspective. Courtship displays are not peculiar to birds, but they reach in them their highest expression. There are very few species of birds the males of which do not use an elaborate display in the breeding season as a prelude to mating. The pattern of such displays is specific. That is, every male bird of a given species uses the same pattern, and the pattern used in one species is different, if only in detail, from that used in another species. At the same time, there are similarities between the patterns used by related species, so



THE PEACOCK'S TRAIN, WHICH IS FORMED NOT OF TAIL FEATHERS, BUT OF UNUSUALLY LONG TAIL COVERTS, BEAUTIFULLY PATTERNED AND COLOURED.

that one can distinguish, on broad lines, the family relationships of species by the type of display used. That is why I choose to say it is moderately unfair on peacocks to single them out as symbols of vanity when, in fact, all birds using a courtship display could be included. The main difference is that a peacock has more to display than many other birds; but game birds as a whole run it close in having a brilliant plumage, and, especially, long and magnificent tail feathers, to show off.

There are two aspects to this display which are worth further reflection. The first is that under the influence of the gonadotrophic hormones the male bird is impelled to "throw everything it has" into the display. It uses its

feathers and their colours to the full. It combines with this posturings and dances, courtly bowings and song. And any ornaments, so-called, whether wattles, crests or anything else, are shown to the full. Even a crow or a rook, black all over except when seen at close quarters, and not to be classed among the most resplendent of birds, is in its way as magnificent as any peacock, when displaying to the full. This may sound an extravagant remark to anyone who has not seen a male crow or rook at the height of his display, with tail spread, wings out, the sun emphasizing the blues and purples in the feathers, and the bird itself strutting.

The second aspect concerns the significance of the display. It is usually assumed, on the basis of Darwin's theory of sexual selection, that such displays result in a form of natural selection. According to this, the male with the best plumage will be the most sought by the female. Such a male will therefore be most likely to perpetuate his kind, and the tendency will be, as a consequence, for a particular trait, such as the peacock's tail, to be emphasized more and more in succeeding generations. If this were so, then such adornments as the peacock's tail would be the direct outcome of the females selecting the males

with the finest spread of tail. Unfortunately for such a view we have the fact that the display, in most birds, takes place after they have paired. That is, the hen has already made her choice of a partner before he even begins to display and certainly before the display reaches its zenith.

There are two further aspects of this subject which tend to escape attention. The first is that there are many features of the ceremonial represented by the bird's courtship display which closely parallel the human ceremonials. In human ceremonial and pageantry there is the use of stereotyped movement, the measured tread, the elegant poise of the body, the stately bowing and posturing, and the use of colour in garments and trappings. In the panorama of changing human fashions in clothes, it is striking that the more colourful the clothes worn, the more evident is the use of deportment and bodily movement. A workman in his working clothes would look absurd if he curtsied and postured, but a man in the showy garments of a mediæval courtier would look absurd if he did not.

All this may be sheer coincidence; and it may be mere coincidence that men and birds more especially use eyesight as the main sense. Nevertheless, in other animals in which sight plays an important rôle coloured trappings and stereotyped and pronounced bodily movements are used in display.

It may also be no more than coincidence that a second parallel should be seen. In the history of human fashions one sees again and again that a particular feature of dress starts as a matter of utility and later runs amok. The thirteenth-century shoe had a pointed toe. Fashion decreed that the point should be a little longer, and this went on until the toe was so long it had to be curved up and fastened below the knee if the wearer were to walk with any degree of comfort. A cape thrown over the shoulders gives warmth and protection. Fashion decreed that it should be longer, and longer, until at last it is trailing on the ground, giving rise to a train, and a page is required to walk behind to lift the train off the ground.

Superficially, at least, there is a close resemblance with the trends in human behaviour, and especially a similarity between the way animal structures and human fashions become exaggerated. It may be the unconscious appreciation of this that makes us see in a peacock's strutting and plumage a reflection of human tendencies.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS
OF THE WEEK.

MILLIONAIRE AND PHILANTHROPIST: THE LATE MR. V. ASTOR.
Mr. Vincent Astor, whose vast enterprises included oil, real estate, hotels and publishing, died on Feb. 3 in New York, aged 67. When his father died in the *Titanic* disaster of 1912 he inherited a fortune as an undergraduate. He greatly added to this fortune, and made many generous benefactions. He established the Vincent Astor Foundation.

NEW MASTER OF A CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE: PROFESSOR N. MOTT.
Professor Nevill Mott, F.R.S., has been elected Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, in succession to Sir James Chadwick, F.R.S. He is Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics, and a Fellow of the College. His publications include articles about Atomic Physics, Metals, Semi-conductors and Photographic Emulsions. Professor Mott is fifty-three.

APARTHEID IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE LATE DR. MALAN.
Dr. Malan, Prime Minister of South Africa from 1948 to 1954, and the first Prime Minister of the Union to put into practice a vigorous policy of *apartheid*, died at 84 on Feb. 7. A strong nationalist, he wanted a nation speaking two languages, and favoured the Union becoming a Republic, in friendship with Britain. He was educated at Stellenbosch and Utrecht Universities.

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER, WHO HAS LEFT FOR THE EAST.
Sir Mortimer Wheeler, the archaeologist, has begun a month's tour of India and Ceylon, sponsored by the British Council. A former Director-General of Archaeology in India, he will visit sites which include Ujjain, near Indore, second only to Benares among sacred cities of the Hindus. He will also lecture to universities and learned societies on science and archaeology.

A.V.C. AT YPRES: THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL CLIFFORD COFFIN.
Major-General Clifford Coffin, V.C., died on Feb. 4, aged 88. During the First World War, as commander of the 25th Infantry Brigade, he maintained a line of shell-holes near Ypres by personally touring the forward positions in full view of the enemy. For this and similar acts of gallantry, he was awarded the Victoria Cross. He retired from the Army in 1924.



(Left.) DEATH OF A DYNAMIC ENGLISH TENNIS CHAMPION.
Mr. Frank Riseley, who won a number of titles at Wimbledon, died on Feb. 6. His partnership with Mr. S. H. Smith was one of the greatest in English tennis, and they were the only pair to defeat the famous Doherty brothers at the height of their career. He played for Britain at 44, and at 46 won the British hard courts championship.

(Right.) RESEARCH INTO VIEWS ON NATIONALISATION: MR. HURRY.
Mr. Colin Hurry is principal of the firm of management consultants for whom the British Market Research Bureau has been carrying out an investigation of people's views on nationalisation. He has declared there is no political motive behind these researches. Mr. Morgan Phillips had previously asked questions about the survey.



THE TWO BRITISH WINNING PAIRS OF THE ICE DANCING EVENT IN THE EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIPS, WITH THE FRENCH PAIR WHO WERE PLACED THIRD.
The winners of the ice dancing event in the European amateur figure-skating championships at Davos, Mr. C. Jones and Miss D. Denny (centre), wave to the crowd after their victory. On the right are Miss C. Morris and Mr. M. Robinson, who were second. A French pair, placed third, are on the left.

(Right.) A FORMER CHIEF R.E. DIES: GENERAL SIR G. WILLIAMS.
General Sir Guy Williams, who was Chief Royal Engineer from 1946 to 1951, died, aged 77, on Feb. 2. After distinguished service in the First World War, he became Deputy Military Secretary at the War Office, later commanding the Staff College at Quetta, India. He was G.O.C.-in-C., Eastern Command from 1938 until 1941.



(Left.) DEVOTED PUBLIC SERVICE: THE LATE VIOLET MARKHAM.
Violet Markham (Mrs. James Carruthers), noted as a social worker, author and Liberal, died on Feb. 2, aged 86. A granddaughter of the designer of the Crystal Palace, she was one of the first women candidates for Parliament. Appointed C.H. in 1917, she became a member of the Industrial Court and of the Assistance Board.



THE FIRST BRITON TO WIN THE CRESTA RUN WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP: FLT. LT. MITCHELL CONGRATULATED BY R. KUEDERLI.
Flight Lieutenant Colin Mitchell has won the Cresta Run world championship at St. Moritz, and with it the Cartier Cup. His total was one-tenth of a second better than R. Kuederli (Switzerland) and N. Bibbia (Italy), a 1948 Olympics champion.



CAPTAINS OF OPPOSING TEST TEAMS AT ADELAIDE: MR. PETER MAY AND MR. RICHIE BENAUD.
Mr. Richie Benaud (right) completed a triumphant first season as Australia's cricket captain when his team defeated England in the fourth Test match at Adelaide, thus regaining the Ashes lost in 1953.



FOR HIS CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENCE, SIR VIVIAN FUCHS RECEIVES THE HUBBARD MEDAL FROM PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.
The Hubbard Medal is the National Geographic Society's highest award for exploration. The medal presented to Sir Vivian is inscribed: "For brilliant leadership... and for his extraordinary contributions to geographic knowledge of Antarctica."

THE QUEEN MOTHER'S EAST AFRICAN TOUR:
DURING THE FIRST DAYS IN NAIROBI.



SOON AFTER HER ARRIVAL BY AIR IN THE COLONY: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH THE GOVERNOR (RIGHT), TALKING TO AFRICAN EX-SERVICEMEN.



DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF NAIROBI: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH SIR EVELYN BARING, ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWDS.



GREETING MR. D. ARAP MOI, ONE OF THE AFRICAN ELECTED MEMBERS WHO DID NOT BOYCOTT THE ROYAL VISIT: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH THE SPEAKER.

Thousands of Kenyans of all races had gathered from many parts of the colony to Nairobi to greet Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother when she arrived for her visit to Kenya and Uganda on February 5. At the airport she was met by the Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring and Lady Mary Baring and a guard of honour was mounted by the 11th Kenya Battalion, The King's African Rifles. After the presentation of a number of chiefs, the procession drove to the Parliament buildings, where the Speaker presented a loyal address. Four of



IN THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, NAIROBI: HER MAJESTY WITH THE SPEAKER, SIR FERDINAND W. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.



IN MITCHELL PARK, NAIROBI: THE QUEEN MOTHER ARRIVING FOR A RALLY OF SOME 20,000 SCHOOLCHILDREN, EUROPEAN, INDIAN AND AFRICAN.

the African Elected Members ignored the boycott of the visit called for and were present on this occasion, one, Mr. Moi, saying "I am delighted to see you in Kenya and I hope your stay here will be very happy." The next day (Feb. 6), the anniversary of King George VI's death, was spent quietly by the Queen Mother. On February 7, however, she attended a mass rally of schoolchildren and on February 8 attended morning service at Nairobi Cathedral, later the same day talking to some of the men of the 1st Bn. The Cameronians.

BERMUDA'S 350TH ANNIVERSARY; AND JOURNEYS ROYAL AND DIPLOMATIC.



IN THE 350TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR OF BRITAIN'S OLDEST COLONY, BERMUDA: THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF THE SUPREME COURT OF BERMUDA.

In the first session of this court in the 350th anniversary year, the Assistant Justice, Sir Allan Smith, presented a paper on the history of the courts of the colony; and this photograph was taken, the first permitted in the court. The Supreme Court Act is dated July 11, 1612.



MR. DULLES (LEFT), ARRIVING IN EUROPE FOR TALKS IN LONDON, PARIS AND BONN, BEING GREETED BY MR. SELWYN LLOYD ON FEBRUARY 4.

With the possibility of an East-West crisis over Berlin and with the knowledge that Mr. Macmillan was soon visiting Moscow, Mr. Dulles flew to Europe on February 4 for a round of discussions in London, Paris (February 5), and Bonn (February 7).



ON THE EVE OF THEIR LATIN AMERICA TOUR: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA—AT KENSINGTON PALACE.

This photograph was taken shortly before the Latin America tour, which was scheduled to start on February 11 and conclude on March 19. The first visit was to be to Mexico, followed by Peru, Chile, and Brazil, and on March 13 they were to visit the new capital Brasilia, now being built.

AN ART MISCELLANY
FROM LONDON GALLERIES
AND ELSEWHERE.



"BANANA LOADERS, ST. LUCIA," BY THE TRINIDAD ARTIST, MISS SYBIL ATTECK, FROM THE FIRST REPRESENTATIVE EXHIBITION OF HER PAINTINGS IN LONDON.

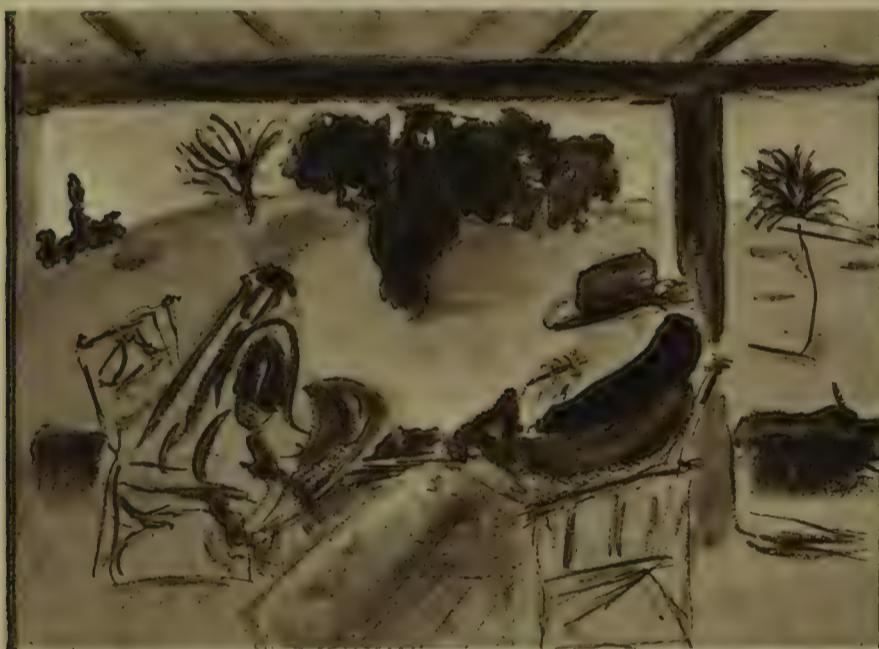
Miss Sybil Atteck, whose lively and colourful paintings of the West Indies are on view at the Commonwealth Institute until March 1, is from Trinidad. Although well known in the West Indies and the U.S.A., her work has almost never been seen on this side of the Atlantic.



A NEW BADGE OF OFFICE FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ANTIQUE DEALERS' ASSOCIATION, PRESENTED BY FRANK PARTRIDGE AND SONS, LTD.



"KING AND QUEEN," A CAST OF A BRONZE BY HENRY MOORE, PRESENTED TO THE TATE GALLERY BY THE "FRIENDS OF THE TATE." IT IS ONE OF MR. MOORE'S MOST IMPORTANT WORKS. This sculpture is one of the four gifts which the Friends of the Tate Gallery have recently presented, and is one of Mr. Henry Moore's most powerful works. It is a special cast, and was sold to the Friends of the Tate for the cost of the casting alone. The three other works are paintings.



A STUDY OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL BY MISS SARAH CHURCHILL, ENTITLED "CONVERSATION PIECE": FROM THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY ACTORS AT THE R.W.S. GALLERIES.

This study of Sir Winston Churchill by his daughter Miss Sarah Churchill is one of the many interesting pictures in the "Martell Art Exhibition" of paintings by stage and screen celebrities which has been on view at the R.W.S. Galleries, and described in our issue of February 7.



HAULED ON A 45-FT. TRAILER, A 25-FT. STATUE CARVED FROM A SINGLE STONE IS TRANSPORTED TO THE TOP OF MUMBRA HILL, THIRTY MILES FROM BOMBAY.

This huge statue, cut from a single stone, has been hewn by sculptors belonging to a wealthy religious community in India, called the Jains. The statue is of the Jain saint Bahubali, and is to become part of a new centre for the study of religions, near Bombay.



"CHAMBRE D'HÔTEL, RUE SAINT-DENIS," BY THE FRENCH PAINTER ALBERT ANDRÉ (1869-1956). PAINTED, c. 1896. (Oil on canvas; 36½ by 31½ ins.)

The collection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings on view at the Lefèvre Gallery until February 28 contains, among several well-known works, a number of comparatively unknown pictures, including the three illustrated here, and also an outstanding large pastel by Degas called "Femme s'essuyant . . ."



"PORTRAIT DE MADAME TERRASSE," BY PIERRE BONNARD (1867-1947). AN ARRESTING STUDY, SIGNED AND DATED 1900. (Oil on canvas; 31½ by 23 ins.)



"NATURE MORTE," BY PIERRE ROUSSEL (1927). A SUBTLE COMPOSITION FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERY, 30, BRUTON STREET. (Oil on panel; 18 by 15 ins.)

FROM A DIESEL RAILBUS TO A 25,000-GUINEA BULL: VARIED HOME NEWS.



THE WESTERN REGION'S FIRST RAILBUS SERVICE INAUGURATED: THE FIRST CAR LEAVING CIRENCESTER FOR KEMBLE.

The first diesel railbus service in British Railways' Western Region—on the Cirencester-Kemble and Tetbury-Kemble branch lines—was inaugurated on February 2. British Railways now have twenty-two of these vehicles in experimental service on rural lines.



THREATENED WITH CLOSURE: THE FIVE-MILE-LONG OYSTERMOUTH AND MUMBLES RAILWAY, ONE OF THE OLDEST RAILWAYS IN BRITAIN.

On February 5 the second reading by the House of Lords of the South Wales Transport Bill—which, among other things, seeks to close down the Oystermouth to Mumbles railway—was postponed until February 17.



A SCENE DURING THE MAKING OF THE FILM ABOUT THE STOCK EXCHANGE, TO BE SHOWN THERE TO THE PUBLIC FROM FEBRUARY 9.

"My Word is My Bond," the 25-minute colour film about the activities of the Stock Exchange, was to be shown to the public daily (at the Stock Exchange) as from February 9. The film cost £13,000 and copies are available for showing elsewhere.



ARMED ROBBERY IN BURLINGTON ARCADE: THE DISARRANGED WINDOW DISPLAY IN THE JEWELLER'S AFTER THE RAID.

An armed robbery took place in Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, on February 6, shots being fired at one of the beadles as the raiders were escaping. One man was caught, and was later remanded in custody until February 16.



MR. G. SUTCLIFFE, CHAIRMAN OF FERODO LTD., LEFT, PRESENTING THE FERODO GOLD TROPHY TO MR. G. A. VANDERVELL.

The Ferodo Gold Trophy for the outstanding British contribution to motor racing in 1958 was presented to Mr. Vandervell in London on February 4. In recognition of his winning it for the third time, he was given the trophy outright. Mr. Vandervell won the World Manufacturers' Cup for Formula 1 racing cars last year. (To the right: Stirling Moss and, far right, Tony Brooks.)



SOLD FOR THE RECORD SUM OF 25,000 GUINEAS TO MR. ROBERT A. GRAHAM, OF VIRGINIA: ELEVATE OF EASTFIELD, PERTH'S 1959 SUPREME AND SENIOR CHAMPION.

After less than five minutes of auctioneering, in which three American cattle breeders fought a hard bidding duel, the champion bull, *Elevate of Eastfield*, was sold for 25,000 guineas, which is believed to be a record British auction price for a beast of any cattle breed. The purchase was made at the annual sale of pedigree Aberdeen-Angus bulls at Perth on Feb. 3.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

TRAVELLERS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IN these days we can almost call Jean Anouilh, rebel, fantastic, and glittering man of the theatre, an Anglo-French dramatist. Practically every scrap of his playable work, at least up to "L'Alouette," has been acted over here. Sooner or later we shall probably have the still-remaining full-length plays—"Ornifle," for one, which I met at the Comédie des Champs-

exciting nights of sound-radio. Yes, we have travelled with Anouilh; and he has travelled also, from the classical myth-worlds and Joan's France to the savagery or the fantasy of modern life as he has observed it according to the spectacles worn at a given moment.

His "Madame de . . ." is set in the Paris of 1880, a cynical anecdote with John Warner, sitting at the piano, to narrate. Madame de . . . has a pair of valuable ear-rings, diamond hearts, and the wretched things are perpetually on the move: at one point in Peter Hall's extremely witty production we are even shown how they cross the Atlantic. But, alas, nothing works out well for poor Madame in Paris. The play fades in sudden tenderness when her husband and her lover stand by the death-bed. Still, we do not mistake this for tragedy: it is a caprice, wafer-thin, amusingly decorated, and acted with some style, especially by Douglas Wilmer (husband) and Geoffrey Keen (lover): I thought Elizabeth Sellars' Madame was curiously pale.

"Traveller Without Luggage" is a work far more substantial. Anouilh is playing his familiar game with memory and identity. It is about a

former soldier who has been in an asylum for eighteen years, suffering from amnesia. Now, searching again for his family, and for the lost half of his life, he discovers what certainly he did not wish to know: that the man he had been was

singularly repellent, and his family life intolerable. In effect, it is, as I suggested some time ago, a ghost story: the tale of a man self-haunted, terrified by the rising shadow of his forgotten life. Written in a kind of onion-peeling technique, the piece becomes progressively more alarming as Gaston (who is Jacques Rénaud) gets further and further into his past. Suddenly, when he knows as much as he can know, and neither he nor his audience can take much else, the piece flickers and slackens into what appears to be comic fantasy, quite out of key.

A small English boy has turned up from one of the other families that claim Gaston as their own: all his other relatives, he explains, were drowned during a cruise. At once Gaston seizes this chance of escape from the ghost of Jacques Rénaud. He will go into a future freed from the

encumbering past. He goes as another man, and without fear that his bluff can be called. In the theatre the change is odd. We hope for a minute that, in sending him to improbable English surroundings, Anouilh does not mean to imply, with the First Gravedigger, "Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he." But Edward Owen Marsh, in his study of Anouilh, has suggested that the seemingly happy ending is, in fact, a symbolic murder in which Gaston "kills" the young Jacques Rénaud in order to allow himself to live. That, certainly, sounds like Anouilh's way.

Whatever we may feel or hazard, this is a disturbing, powerfully theatrical work, with two extremely sensitive performances at the Arts by Denholm Elliott, living on his nerves as the haunted man, and Elizabeth Sellars as his former mistress. Joyce Carey frisks and booms pleasantly as one of the usual Anouilh Duchesses: this woman is clearly straight from "Léocadia," a relentless and happy autocrat. Some of the other acting is indifferent, and I think that Mr. Hall has overcharged the production. Its lighting has been fussed, and the scene for the listening servants does not really come through. Never mind: it is good to have the play in London at last: a traveller arrived after many years.

More travellers have reached the West End stage—visitors to Ronald Firbank's spa in "Valmouth," as transferred to a musical play by Sandy Wilson. The theatre is now the Saville instead of the Lyric, Hammersmith, and there have been some changes of cast: none, I think, for the better. When I wrote of this production at Hammersmith, I said that Firbank's dialogue, never without its own mischievous prose style—like a peacock's feather on the lip of a Gothic urn—was not really of much use in the theatre. That is even more evident at the Saville, where what is essentially an intimate entertainment is struggling a little in so big a house. The plot is a mannered Firbankian jest—a trifle ill-mannered



A MEMORABLE SCENE IN "VALMOUTH," SANDY WILSON'S MUSICAL PLAY: CARDINAL PIRELLI (GEOFFREY DUNN), WHO SINGS "THE CATHEDRAL OF CLEMENZA," WITH—LEFT TO RIGHT—MRS. THOROUGHFARE (BETTY HARDY), LIEUTENANT JACK WHORWOOD (AUBREY WOODS) AND MRS. HURSTPIERPOINT (BARBARA COUPER). (PREVIOUSLY AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, "VALMOUTH" HAD ITS FIRST NIGHT AT THE SAVILLE THEATRE ON JANUARY 27.)

Elysées in 1956, a strange, wayward piece about a man who lives only for pleasure: a part played, when I saw it, by Jean Martinelli but created, I believe, by Pierre Brasseur. It was then only eight years since the London "Antigone," and yet we seemed to have spent a lifetime with Anouilh in his parti-coloured world of the *rose et noir*.

London can boast that it has taken a short cut. Although it is intensely difficult to keep up with Anouilh, we have now his newest work at the Arts Theatre. (I do not forget that we shall have to go back presently to collect the longer plays that for the moment have been by-passed.) The piece is "Madame de . . .", taken from a story by Louise de Vilmorin, and it precedes "Le Voyageur sans Bagages." This second play, here entitled "Traveller Without Luggage," and done—like its curtain-raiser—in a translation by John Whiting, has had for years its own game of hide-and-seek with the professional London stage. Ever since the Bristol Old Vic presented a version in 1951, with Laurence Payne as Gaston, we had been expecting to find the play in London; but it has taken more than seven years to arrive—actually well over twenty years to make the journey from Paris.

While waiting for curtain-rise in the agreeably redecorated Arts, I found myself thinking of other theatres where I had waited for the curtain to go up on Anouilh: the New, for example, upon the night of "Antigone," written during the occupation of France and to be taken on two levels; the Duchess, when "Roméo et Jeannette" was translated unconvincingly to an Irish setting; several other London theatres between Hammersmith and the Arts; the Globe, of course, where "L'Invitation au Château" began to trace its rings round the moon in the Christopher Fry version; the Edinburgh Festival where we first met "Le Rendez-vous de Senlis" ("Dinner with the Family"), and the stages of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, where Sir Barry Jackson, courageous as ever, first did "Ardèle," and of the Nottingham and Oxford Playhouses. There was even the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon. Between seasons, "La Sauvage," under the poor title of "Restless Heart," called there on its way to unmerited metropolitan defeat at the St. James's. To these I can add several



A SCENE FROM ANOUILH'S "TRAVELLER WITHOUT LUGGAGE" IN WHICH A COLLECTION OF STUFFED ANIMALS IS PRODUCED IN AN ATTEMPT TO REVIVE GASTON'S MEMORY. LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: THE CHAUFFEUR (JAMES WELLMAN), THE VALET (JOHN WARNER), THE BUTLER (ANTHONY BLAKE), THE DUCHESSE DUPONT-DUFORT (JOYCE CAREY), AND MME. RENAUD (IRENE BROWNE). (ARTS THEATRE, WITH ANOUILH'S "MADAME DE . . ."; FIRST NIGHT, JANUARY 29.)

now and again, some may feel—that goes strangely with Wilson's fresh and happy tunes. But while Geoffrey Dunn is singing "The Cathedral of Clemenza," there is reason for going to "Valmouth," and I take this chance of thanking such artists as Marcia Ashton, Aubrey Woods and Patsy Rowlands. Barbara Couper is still probably the most alarming centenarian that ever trod stage, a kind of raffish raven that—if Valmouth were not lightning-struck at the last—could probably touch off a few more centuries.

A travellers' week, undoubtedly. And now what about "Ornifle" or "Pauvre Bitos"?

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "A TASTE OF HONEY" (Wyndham's).—Shelagh Delaney's play reaches the West End. (February 10.)
- "HAMLET" (Birmingham Repertory).—Ian Richardson as the Prince; production by Bernard Hepton. (February 10.)
- "TARTUFFE" and "SGANARELLE" (Old Vic).—A Molière night; versions by Miles Malleson, who himself plays Sganarelle. (February 11.)

SOME WINNERS AT CRUFT'S DOG SHOW, HELD AT OLYMPIA ON FEBRUARY 6 AND 7.



PANYAU, A JAPANESE AKITA—A BREED SHOWN AT CRUFT'S FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND OF THE SAME FAMILY AS SPUTNIK DOG, LAIKA.



MISS V. DRUMMOND-DICK'S CHAMPION ABRAXAS ACROPOLIS, THE BULL TERRIER BEST OF BREED WINNER.



MRS. E. A. WINDER'S CHAMPION MINIVALE PURE GOLD, THE MINIATURE SMOOTH-HAIRED DACHSHUND BEST OF BREED WINNER.



GLENGUARD EDELSTEN, MRS. R. LUMLEY'S NORWEGIAN BUHUND BEST OF BREED WINNER, OUT OF TWO ENTRIES.



CHAMPION DUNHALL WRUDOLPH, WHICH WAS JUDGED BEST AUSTRALIAN TERRIER IN SHOW, OWNED BY MRS. W. DUNN.



WINNER OF THE SUPREME CHAMPIONSHIP: THE WELSH TERRIER CHAMPION SANDSTORM SARACEN, OWNED BY MRS. M. M. THOMAS AND MRS. D. M. LEACH.



THE COCKER SPANIEL BEST OF BREED WINNER: CHAMPION LUCKLENA MUSICAL MAID, OWNED BY MR. A. S. MANSFIELD.



JUDGED BEST OF BREED OF THE CAIRN TERRIERS: CHAMPION MERRYMEET TATHWELL THERESE, OWNED BY MRS. SPRY LEVERTON.



WINNER OF RESERVE BEST IN SHOW AWARD: THE LABRADOR RETRIEVER CHAMPION RULER OF BLAIR-COURT, OWNED BY MR. AND MRS. G. CAIRNS.



CHAMPION BLUEGLADES BRODERICK, MRS. I. E. M. READ'S FRENCH BULLDOG, WHICH WAS JUDGED BEST OF BREED.



AWARDED TWO RESERVES AND A THIRD PRIZE: WYCHWAY CAN-DO, MR. W. SNAPE'S FOX TERRIER.



PRIZEWINNER IN CLASSES 520 AND 521: ARKLOW ADONIS, MR. W. H. PRIZEMAN'S FOX TERRIER (WIRE).



THE BEST OF BREED OF THE BEAGLES: MR. F. W. WATSON'S CHAMPION, DERAWUDA VIXEN.

This year there was a world record class entry for Cruft's Show, which was held at Olympia on February 6 and 7. The total class entries, both for exhibition and for competition, amounted to 13,211 from more than 6500 dogs. In order to avoid increasing congestion at Olympia, Cruft's Committee had adjusted the entry fees, and this had the desired effect of reducing the total number of dogs entered. The adjustment was aimed in particular at reducing the numbers of novice owners entering novice dogs. The supreme champion-

ship this year was won by Champion Sandstorm Saracen, a two-year-old Welsh Terrier, owned and bred by Mrs. M. M. Thomas and Mrs. D. M. Leach, of Rhyl. The reserve best in show award was won by Champion Ruler of Blaircourt, the Labrador Retriever owned and bred by Mr. and Mrs. G. Cairns, of Glasgow, while the best of the non-sporting group was Champion Frenches Honeysuckle, a Standard Poodle owned by Mrs. R. E. Price-Jones, of Leighton Buzzard. The best of the Beagles, Derawuda Vixen, was also best hound in show.

"THERE are more ways of killing a cat than choking it with cream," said a character in Saki's "Chronicles of Clovis," "but I'm not sure that it's not the best way." And there are more ways of killing readers than blinding them with science, and I'm not sure that that's not the best way! This week I have had the opportunity of comparing three totally different ways of presenting biography, and I found the contrast revealing. Let me—for what the fact may be worth as a possible source of prejudice—at once admit that I range the subjects of these biographies in a definite hierarchy of interest. Balzac ranks first; a Georgian family second; and Bizet (since I do not find myself socially at ease with musical composers) rather a bad third. But skilful presentation can always far outweigh any such predispositions on the part of any critic or reader. The title of Mrs. Mina Curtiss's study is *BIZET AND HIS WORLD*—and what a world it was! Besides his long visit to Rome in the late 1850's, Bizet played a prominent part in the artistic world of Second Empire Paris. He lived through the disasters of the Franco-Prussian War and the horrors of the Commune. (How anyone of sensibility and perception can be in favour of the *Communards*, the first of a long line of ferocious beasts extending to those who martyred Hungary in 1956, passes my comprehension.) There is no lack of material here. But Mrs. Curtiss betrays herself in her preface. She writes:

The method I have used seems to me comparable to the weaving of a tapestry by a pointillist, or perhaps more accurately to a historical painting carried out in *montage*. To a large extent I have abjured the author's right to interpretation except as it expresses itself in the juxtaposition of documents, although I know that the average reader prefers to accept an author's opinion rather than to formulate his own.

Well, if she knows that—and she is perfectly right—why on earth does she set the average reader a task which he will certainly decline? Biography should not be compiled as though it were a series of test questions in an eleven-plus examination. The result, in this case, is just what you would expect. There are plenty of interesting facts: Bizet's wife, Geneviève Halévy, was the living blue-print for Proust's *Duchesse de Guermantes* ("I could find my model only in a woman not to the manor born . . . Bizet's widow"); Bizet himself despised the famous "Toreador" song (a word, incidentally, unknown in Spanish) which he wrote for "Carmen" ("So they want trash? All right; I'll give them trash"); he loathed politics ("The left, the right, the centre turn my stomach . . ."). Towards the end of the book, too, Mrs. Curtiss shows what she can do by summing up Bizet's life and character in a single brilliant paragraph. Try as she will, she cannot altogether hand this colourful personality over to her readers in the form of a blank cheque. The pity of it is that she has tried.

Now for the Georgians. Interested as I am in Mrs. Rodgers's period, which extends from the mid-eighteenth century to the late Regency, I have always fought shy (if I may say so without disrespect or courtesy) of rabid dissenters. Mrs. Rodgers herself tells a horrible story about one of them:

His first marriage was short and tragic, for when seven months after the wedding a puny baby was born which died almost immediately, a busybody member of his congregation burst into his wife's room and told her the evil thoughts of the Puritanical neighbours in such vigorous, hell-fire terms that the poor creature wept all the rest of the day and died the next.

But that is by no means typical of the atmosphere of *GEORGIAN CHRONICLE*. The central figure is Anna Lætitia Barbauld, of the Aikin family, a noted woman of letters, who provided a link between Dr. Johnson on the one hand, and Walter Scott, Coleridge, Fanny Burney, Harriet Martineau and Maria Edgeworth on the other. She and her husband kept a school which seems, in many respects, to have anticipated Dr. Arnold's Rugby. They even laid down a set of "privileges and duties" for the captain of the school, who was elected by his fellow-scholars. Besides her books for children, Mrs. Barbauld was known as one of the most effective pamphleteers of the eighteenth century. She and her relations, of course, got themselves into bad odour by supporting abolition of the slave trade and the French revolutionaries. Not that Mrs. Barbauld had much opinion of the French, in spite of her husband's Huguenot origins. "Uneasy carriages," she writes, with splendid insularity, "no plum-pudding, no beef, no butter, no tea and the very name of a teakettle unknown, dear milk and bread." But the whole chronicle is delightful. Using the ordinary, traditional method of biography, Mrs. Rodgers faithfully conveys to her readers the quality, as well as the changing fortunes, of the people whom she describes.

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

Last comes Honoré de Balzac. "Mr. Gorham," says the blurb, "believes that the real test of the biographical novel is not one of fact, but whether in the reader's view the subject becomes a person capable of producing the works attributed to him." If that is to be the test, he passes it triumphantly. His *WINE OF LIFE* is one of those books—yes, it's a cliché, and I don't care!—that you literally can't put down. Since I started it in the early evening, and it is inordinately long, I remained

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I MENTIONED some years ago the collection which an Oklahoma Professor of English named Kester Svendsen is making of books, mainly novels, in which chess plays an integral part in the plot.

It occurs to me—rather belatedly, I fear, for he sent me a reprint of his catalogue from the *South Western Journal* over ten years ago—that people who read "Chess Notes" might possibly be quite keenly interested to learn what the fiction writers have made of their beloved game.

First, I must make a few recommendations from my own reading. You must get hold of Stephen Leacock's "Pawn to King's Four." This is pure farce; his "first visit to a chess club" reveals, beneath an almost depressingly sleepy exterior, unsuspected undercurrents. That sleek, unobtrusive waiter, for instance, has done ten years for murder. The director of a criminal lunatic asylum hovers around. One member is wanted by the police but "says he's not going to be taken alive." But why spoil the fun? I only hope no layman is deceived into thinking there ever was a chess club like Leacock's.

. . . or a tavern like the one at Over in "The Three Sailors' Gambit," by Lord Dunsany—a fine yarn I have mentioned before.

If you can read French—and what better means is there than a gripping novel of "getting there" in any language?—get Pape's "La Variante XVIII dans le Gambit Camouflet," whose title advertises clearly enough its intimate connection with the game. (Be prepared for a creepy, macabre end!)

An aristocrat among chess stories is "The Royal Game," by Stefan Zweig—if only because the author is so obviously steeped in the atmosphere of Continental chess and intrigue. If any chess story is *real*, it is this.

Other stories which, if they do not always revolve around chess, contain a goodly dollop of it, are "Blue Voyage," by Conrad Aiken (1927); "The Bishop Murder Case," by S. S. van Dine (1929); "The Island Beyond Japan," by John Paris (1929); "Knight Missing," by Simon Stone (1945); "The Ship and the Shore," by Vicki Baum (1941); "Trent's Last Case," by E. C. Bentley (1913); "The Viper of Milan," by Marjorie Bowen (1906); "The Enchanted Forest," by William Bowen (1920); "The Skeleton Key," by Bernard Capes (1920); "Who Goes There?," by Robert Chambers (1915); "A Chess Problem," by Agatha Christie (1927); "Thelma, A Society Novel," by Marie Corelli (1914); "The Small Green Idol," another by Lord Dunsany (1916); "The Rook" (1940) and "The Usual Morning Game of Chess" (1913), by Jeffery Farnol; "Trail of the White Knight," by Bruce Graeme (1926); "A Pair of Blue Eyes," by Thomas Hardy (1895); "I'm No Hero," by Alfred Kreymborg (1933); "The Game of Kings," by A. A. Milne (1921); "Monsieur Alfred," by Axel Munthe (1887); "The Hidden Player," by Alfred Noyes (1924); "Faraway," by J. B. Priestley (1932); "Gaudy Night," and "Striding Folly," by Dorothy L. Sayers (1936); and "The Man Who Watched the Trains Go By," by Georges Simenon (1946). (The date is that of the first, or an important subsequent, edition, or, for a foreign book, of an English-language edition.)

This may look a mere catalogue, in one aspect; but it is the key to months of good reading, if you take it along to your local library. I should be delighted to hear from any readers who can offer more recent references.

awake until the small hours, alternately cursing and blessing the author. Is it possible that anyone who experienced so revolting a childhood as Balzac—his mother threw him out of the house on the day he was born—could have made anything of life? But we all know what Balzac made of his: the phenomenal output of masterpieces, his eighteen cups of coffee a day, the roaring and swashbuckling, the insatiable appetite for women. Here Mr. Gorham is at his most convincing. As the long procession of ladies winds through his pages—from Madame de Berny to Yvette and Maria, from the Duchesse d'Abbrantes to her repulsive Grace de Castries, and so to Eve de Hanska, who finally destroyed him—the subtle difference of relation is conveyed with complete authenticity. This is, I believe, a great book.

But why, in the name of reason, can no American novelist claim to be serious unless he writes at least 600 pages? I begin to wish that "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone With The Wind" had never been written. Mr. Jerome Weidman has expended his allotted quota on *THE ENEMY*

CAMP, a diatribe on the social and psychological inferiorities of American Jews. I wept tears of boredom over the saga of Dora, Danny and George, and my sympathy is kept exclusively for George's wife Mary—perhaps because she appears so much less often than the others. Wrapped in a ton of cellophane and tissue paper, there is a point or two here worth making. Contrast this dreary epic with Mr. Geoffrey Drayton's *CHRISTOPHER*. Even in a West Indies setting, the misunderstood child has been overdone, yet this author keeps his story short and keeps it genuine.

If I were an English journalist investigating dark doings by the Mafia in Calabria, I am sure that I could have prevented my mistress (my wife, of course, permitting!) from taking the trip with me. She would be sure to get captured. But, then, I should have had no plot for such a book as Mr. Brian Glanville's *AFTER ROME, AFRICA*—and that would have been a pity, because this lives up to its sub-title: "a novel of suspense." But what has Patricia Wentworth been up to with our beloved Miss Silver? *THE FINGERPRINT* is definitely not up to form. Both the heroines are rag dolls (dressed in quite different rags), and I spotted the villain long before he made his nasty Cockney entrance. If, for a change, you like technical novels about why the latest design in passenger aircraft will or will not take off, with pilots unjustly reprimanded for crashing them, you will enjoy David Beaty's *CONE OF SILENCE*. Of its kind, it is well done.

When I started on William Travis's *BEYOND THE REEFS*, I found myself murmuring: "He sells sea-shells in the Seychelles"—but the trouble was that Mr. Travis didn't. When he and his team of illiterate Creoles had braved the sharks of the Indian Ocean, collecting tons of green snail mother-of-pearl, Mr. Travis trusted some human sharks in Penang, and got bitten at last! There are some good illustrations in this book of underwater adventure—but it was some time before I gathered that the "Groupers" which they met were not members of Moral Rearmament, but large, ill-tempered fish! Another adventurer, Mr. Blomberg, went to Latin America in search of *BURIED GOLD AND ANACONDAS*. Needless to say, he found none of the former, but plenty of the latter. I do not think I should care about anacondas, which are apparently capable of swallowing thirteen-year-old boys, and some of the other fauna encountered by Mr. Blomberg and his friends were equally unattractive. I doubt if Mr. Blomberg's royalties will equal the lost ransom of Atahualpa, but let us hope that they will compensate his disappointment to some extent, for this is a good travel book.

Mr. Osbert Lancaster has collected his architectural *scherzi* into a single volume, *HERE, OR ALL PLACES*, and added some specimens from the United States. Whether you prefer "Wimbledon Transitional" to "Pont Street Dutch," you cannot help agreeing with the author that "even with her comparatively limited resources Europe has achieved some spectacular feats of spoliation, and whole tracts of the Great West Road and the Via Appia are the unquestioned equals of all but the very worst of the American turnpikes."

Which leads naturally to Mr. Ashley Courtenay's *LET'S HALT AWHILE*, a guide to hotels and inns throughout the British Isles and Eire. Mr. Courtenay is a bold and a brave man. I salute his courage and applaud his judgment.

BOOKS REVIEWED

BIZET AND HIS WORLD, by Mina Curtiss. (Secker and Warburg; 50s.)

GEORGIAN CHRONICLE, by Betsy Rodgers. (Methuen; 21s.)

WINE OF LIFE, by Charles Gorham. (Collins; 18s.)

THE ENEMY CAMP, by Jerome Weidman. (Heinemann; 18s.)

CHRISTOPHER, by Geoffrey Drayton. (Collins; 13s. 6d.)

AFTER ROME, AFRICA, by Brian Glanville. (Secker and Warburg; 13s. 6d.)

THE FINGERPRINT, by Patricia Wentworth. (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.)

CONE OF SILENCE, by David Beaty. (Secker and Warburg; 16s.)

BEYOND THE REEFS, by William Travis. (George Allen and Unwin; 21s.)

BURIED GOLD AND ANACONDAS, by Rolf Blomberg. (George Allen and Unwin; 28s.)

HERE, OR ALL PLACES, by Osbert Lancaster. (John Murray; 21s.)

LET'S HALT AWHILE, by Ashley Courtenay. (André Deutsch; 12s. 6d.)



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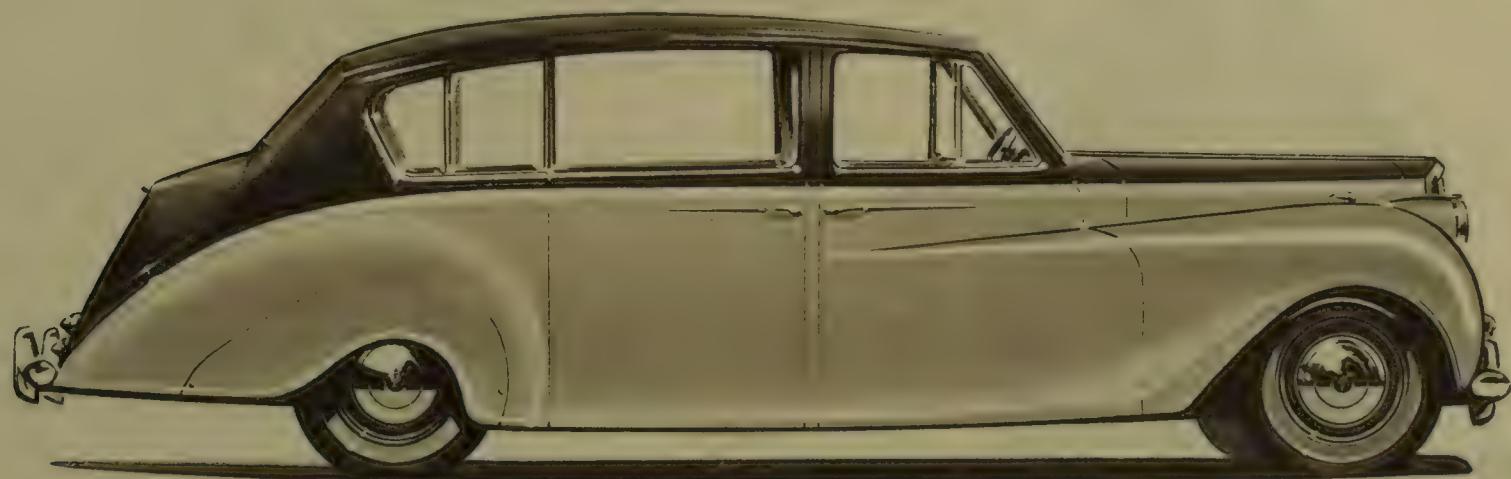
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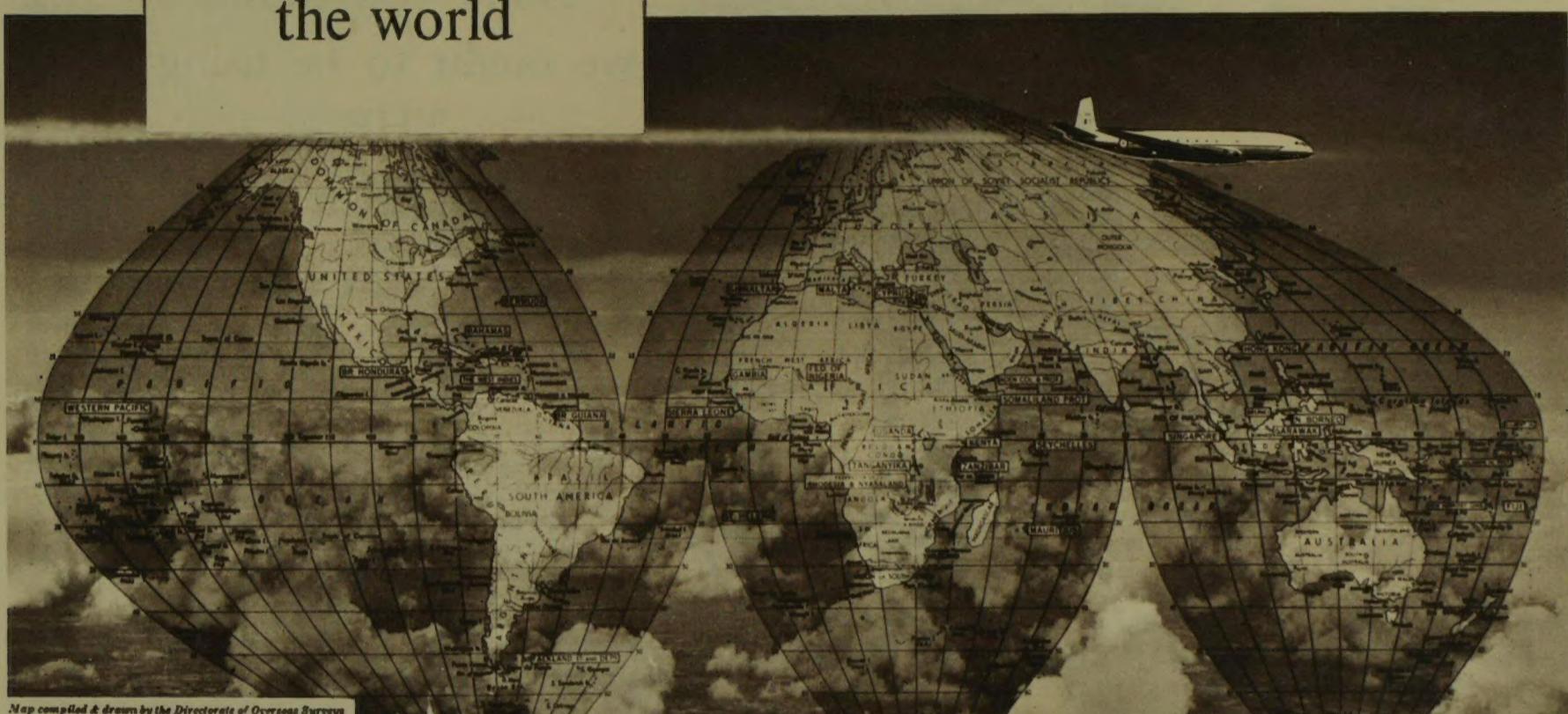
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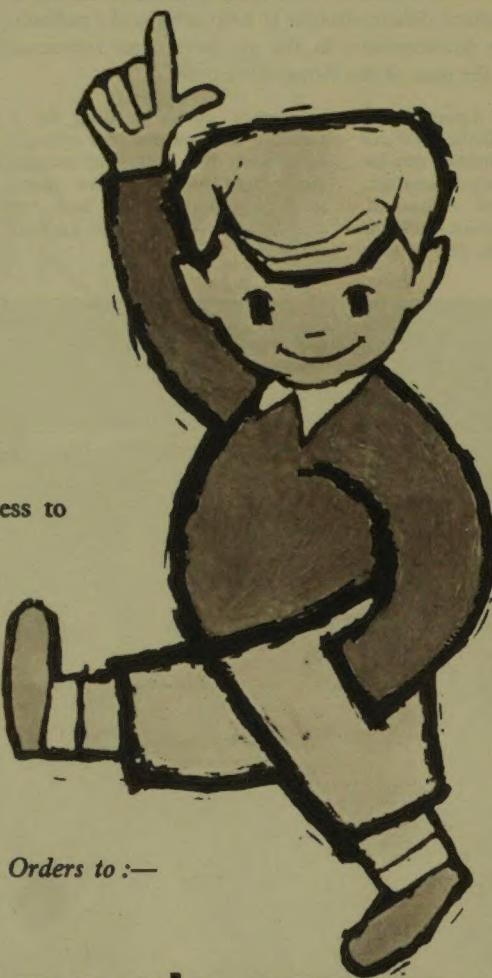
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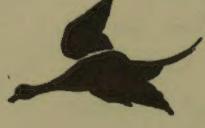
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